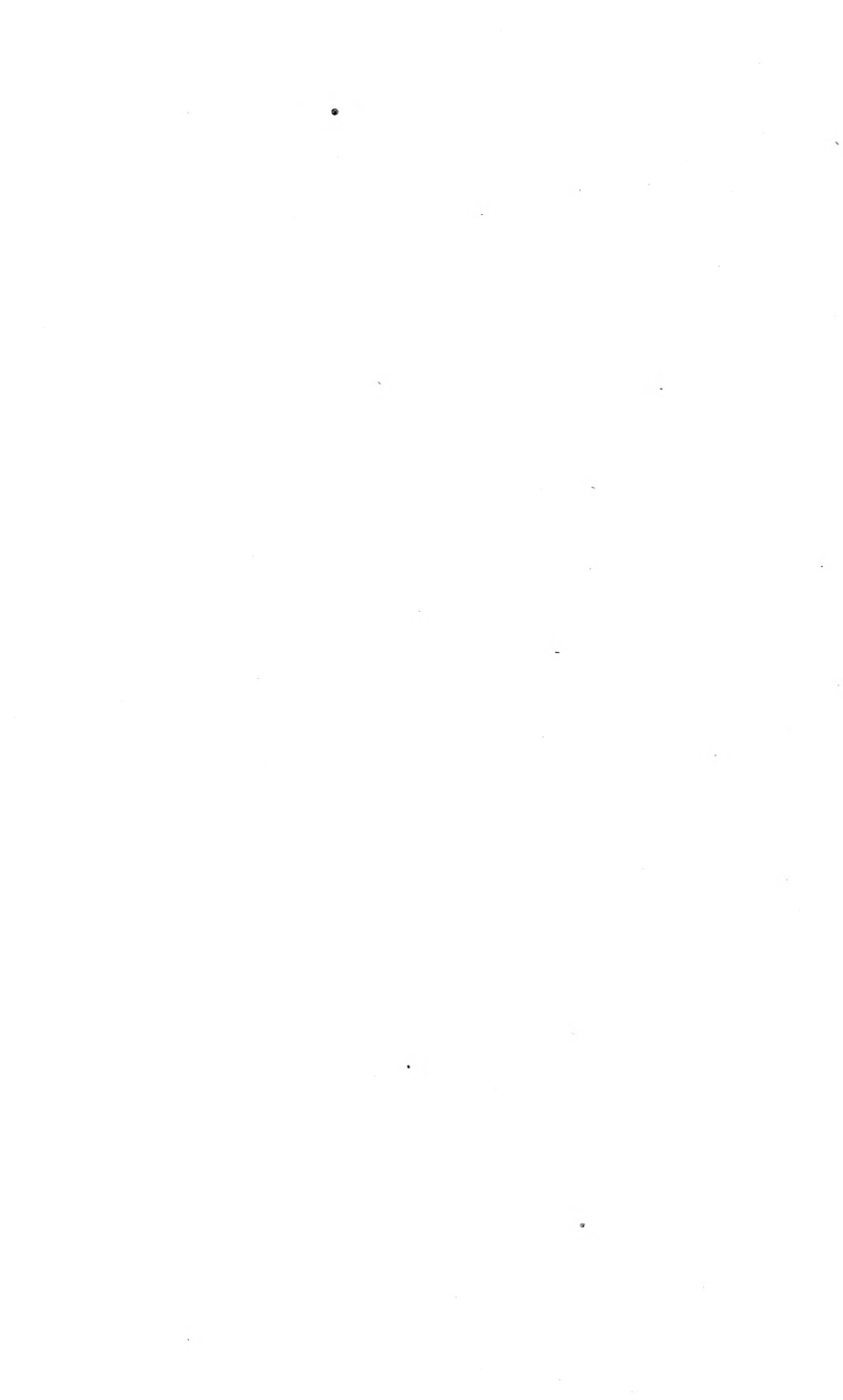




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Vol. XII
No. 1

25 cents a copy
\$1.00 a year

March, 1910

The Journal of the Maine Ornithological Society



Editor, LOUIS E. LEGGE, Portland

Associate Editor, JED F. FANNING, Portland

Published by the Society at 97 1-2 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine

Entered as second class matter June 13, 1905, at the post office at Portland, Maine, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

JOURNAL

OF THE

Maine Ornithological Society.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MAINE ORNITHOLOGISTS.

Issued every quarter on the first of March, June, September and December of each year.

Publication Office: 97 1-2 Exchange St., Portland, Maine.

Editor, LOUIS E. LEGGE,
22 Dow St., Portland

Associate Editor, JED F. FANNING,
Portland

Price, \$1.00 per annum. Single Copies, 25 Cents.

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NEST AND YOUNG OF ALDER FLYCATCHER.

BY CORDELIA J. STANWOOD, ELLSWORTH, ME. DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE ON PAGE 3.

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The Last of the Passenger Pigeons Breeding at North Bridgton, Maine.

By J. C. MEAD.

When the Wild or Passenger Pigeons were making their last stand in Maine, it was my good fortune to have a flock of eight or ten pass the season of 1877 in a pine grove close by my home. At that time, although they were becoming scarce with us, millions were breeding in Michigan, and the commonly accepted explanation of their diminished numbers in the eastern States was that the wheat fields of the West had tolled them away. Could I have realized that twenty-five years would have seen the practical extinction of this species I venture to say that my note-book would have furnished me more information regarding this particular flock than it does.

Under April 24th, I find the first mention of them included in the following: "Returning to North Bridgton to-day, after an absence of two weeks, I find the following birds common: Loons, Wild Pigeons, Red-winged Blackbirds, Golden-winged Woodpeckers, Chipping Sparrows and Hermit Thrushes." This meager note brings back to me, with the distinctness of yesterday, the tall brown boles of the stately pines and the sharp rustle of

wings, as the Pigeons are startled from their perch on the dead limbs overhead to take a quick, short flight to other branches farther away and at greater height from the ground, displaying, as they rise, their beautiful tails of white and gray to their fullest advantage. Under date of June 13th, they are mentioned as still frequenting the pines, with the belief expressed that they are breeding. Unfortunately, June 28th is the last record I have of them, which is merely "Wild Pigeons still common in the pines." My memory serves me well enough to make me certain that the flock, augmented by other individuals, inhabited the grove till well into the season, and I fix the fact by a determination on my part that I naturally would not have recorded, and that was to pot the whole flock. Early in the fall I prepared a bed by raking over the soil in a long, narrow strip, and sowing it with grain. The Pigeons came readily to it, and I constructed a blind from which with a shot gun I could sweep it fore and aft. One beautiful autumn day I sneaked into this cover prepared for slaughter. The birds settled into place as if by appointment, but to my surprise I could not bring myself to press the trigger and I left them in peace. A pair of Pigeons that I collected that summer are in the museum of Bridgton Academy, and, while they probably belonged to this colony, I am glad to remember that I shot them both outside of the pines' limits.

According to Prof. Knight's "Birds of Maine", the latest record of the Wild Pigeon in Maine is August 16th, 1896, at Dexter, but the JOURNAL OF THE MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, June, 1908, records a female shot at Bar Harbor in 1904. Two years later William Brewster writes that, in the opinion of some of his ornithological friends, who have given the subject careful attention, the only living birds of this species are a few captives in the possession of Prof. C. O. Whitman, of Chicago. Think of the contrast! In 1805, Audubon saw schooners at the New York wharves loaded in the bulk with Wild Pigeons and selling at one cent each. Three years later Alexander Wilson estimates a flock seen by him near Frankfort, Ky., as containing more than two billion individuals.

Some of our old Maine attics still contain nets that helped

exterminate this species, it being a practice that was followed in some of the towns about Portland as late as in the sixties, and they would then sell for two dollars a dozen in the Boston market. After being netted, the birds were usually confined in some large out-building and fed generously with grain. It required but a few days of this treatment to render them as fat as the proverbial butter ball. Nearly every community had its man skilled in Pigeon netting, and during the fifty or sixty years the practice prevailed in this State it was the means of bringing no small income to those who followed it. The net, by means of spring poles, was deftly thrown over the prepared bed to which the birds had been tolled by scattered seed. The captives, in their confusion, would thrust their heads up through the meshes of the net and remain entangled while the trappers rushed in and securely pegged the edges of the net to the ground with forked sticks. Removing them to the fattening pens could then be done leisurely. As can be readily imagined, the country boys found those eventful days when it was known that some neighbor would "spring his net" or have a "killing", and they would walk long distances to be participants or witnesses. To-day there are men who would travel to the North Pole for the sight of one living Wild Pigeon.

Nest and Young of the Alder Flycatcher.

By CORDELIA J. STANWOOD, Ellsworth, Maine.

In the summer of 1906, I spent a morning following a Northern Yellowthroat, crawling over the ground on my hands and knees, looking into every clump of alder, fern and meadow sweet in the field opposite our house, but was unable to place the nest. At last I decided to "give up" and go home. Crossing the swale, I heard a sound like the pulsing of the wind, slightly out of rhythm with the light breeze. I went back, and after waiting a while moved again in the same direction. The sound was repeated. This time it came from a jungle of tall alders, fern and meadow sweet directly ahead. Looking through the bushes from the open

side, I saw, in the midst of a cluster of interrupted ferns, about three feet from the ground, the nest of a small bird. It was built on two branches of a meadow sweet bush—a fork of the main stem—attached to the other upright branches by the encircling grasses and spider's silk of which the nest was composed, and half supported by an interrupted fern frond. The outside was woven of coarse, soft, gray grasses, strengthened with spider's silk; the lining consisted of fine yellow hay. The structure was not very thick walled or compact. In places, I could see through it. The sides were more or less grooved by the upright twigs and a few of the most slender stems were imbedded in the nest. The small habitation was put together with such ease and vigor as to make an attractive domicile.

Three small, creamy-white, spotted eggs, nestled cosily at the bottom of the deep cup. On the thirteenth day or the twelfth day of incubation the good fairy touched the eggs and in their place were three chicks, very yellow, very active, decorated with a few patches of dark brown down. Nine days later the nest was full of little greenish-grey birds, with a tinge of yellow on the sides, buffy wing bars, grayish white under parts, and tail feathers lined with yellow. The afternoon of the twenty-sixth day, or the thirteenth birthday of the little birds, they were standing on the edge of the nest, ready to go out into the world.

During the time, I scarcely caught a glimpse of the old bird. Her movements were noiseless. Usually she slid from her nest into the interior of the clumps of alders before I was near enough to see her. Generally she remained in the undergrowth. In fact, I was unable to identify the bird that season.

The Flycatcher nest I found in July, 1907, was discovered by accident also. The Northern Yellowthroat sang incessantly in the fringe of meadow sweet that bordered the swamp around the watering place. I had determined to look there for nests some day, when my intention was precipitated by seeing a greenish-grey bird fly out of the bushes. Entering the alders, I looked out through the meadow sweet and directly at a deep, saucer-shaped nest, full of

young birds. They appeared to be all of seven days old, and had a lazy way of lying very still, as if a motion on their part might spill them out of the nest. More cheerful, wise looking little birds I never saw.

The second nest was not more than a foot above the ground, a very substantial affair, with thick walls. In this case it was placed on a number of crossing, horizontal stems of dead meadow sweet bushes, with a few twigs, perhaps one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, ascending to form a crotch. The foundation was a cushion of coarse, soft, gray grasses. On this yielding mass was formed a saucer-shaped nest of fine gray hay, with a beautifully turned brim. The lining consisted of fine yellow hay, horse hair, and a black hair-like vegetable fibre. The whole was anchored to the surrounding twigs with spider's silk.

If one of the parent birds sighted me from the telegraph wire as I passed the swale where they nested, it immediately dropped into an alder thicket and began to chirp. Here it was joined by the mate. They both continued to fret as long as I was within hearing. If I concealed myself in the alders near the nest, they did not hesitate to take up their stand within a few yards of me, but usually out of sight, and scold while I remained.

The sixth morning that I called on the Flycatcher, two little birds were out of the nest, one on the edge, the last in it. The one on the edge of the nest flew to my finger, the one in it snuggled down in my lap. After looking in my face a few instants they hopped to the near-by branches.

Reprint of Some of the Ornithological Papers of Sylvester B. Beckett.

By A. H. NORTON.

(Concluded from page 103, Vol. XI.)

But the favorite of all the Sparrows, indeed of the whole Finch family, with the speaker was the White-throated Sparrow (*Fringilla pennsylvanica*). He had seldom seen it here till along the first of

May, and concluded that it does not arrive in this section till about that time. The speaker, on one occasion, while rambling beyond the White Mountains, was told that a farmer named Peverly, who formerly lived in the neighborhood, always made it a point to sow his wheat as soon as he heard their song ; hence it may be inferred that they make their appearance there about the time for wheat sowing. Peverly, it was said, used to aver that they told him, in so many words, to sow his wheat, and certainly their notes syllable something like it, pitching the voice on the same key for the two first syllables, and repeating the word Peverly three times a fifth higher. Or one may get a good idea of it by striking a keynote on the piano, say "C," twice as a pointed crotchet, and following with three quavers, three times, repeated, a fifth above.

On the borders of the romantic Peabody River, on this side of the mountains, he was often stopped to hear its love song, ringing from the opposite woods above the roar of the shelving waters, as distinctly as the sound of a bell is heard above the tumultuous roar of a thronging city. In the early hours of a stilly summer morning, you may always hear them from the White Mountain Glen House. They seem to gather on the opposite side of the river to hail the first of the sunbeams that descend into that deep, dewy glen.

The White-throated Sparrows are quite numerous in our section along through the middle of May. Wherever there are cleared fields, with orchards, separated from the farmhouse, and contiguous groves of forest, you will frequently hear their clear, round notes, and once having fixed them in your mind you can never forget them. But it is difficult, at such times, to get a view of the songsters, who enclose themselves in some retired nook, and seem solicitous to avoid observation. They nest on the ground, beneath some overhanging stump, or fallen tree. The nest is made of grasses lined with cow's hair and occasionally feathers. The eggs are four or five.

The last of the species to which he called attention, the White-crowned Sparrow (*Fringilla leucophrys*), is decidedly the handsomest of the whole family. It is extremely rare here, and

elsewhere in the United States, and the only specimens Mr. B. had ever seen, with a single exception, were three he himself shot several years ago, in Falmouth, one of which he gave to the Boston Society of Natural History—they not having had a specimen previously—and the other two to our own Society—to be destroyed in the conflagration of our former cabinet. Mr. B. remarked that he saw this bird in the Boston Society collection soon after he presented it, with the name of another individual upon it as the donor, or, at least, it was the only bird of the kind there.

The specimens alluded to he procured on the 14th of May, on the farm of Mr. Lord, in Falmouth, about six miles from Portland. Riding along, his attention was attracted by a sweet and plaintive song, which he at once suspected to be that of the White-crowned Finch. He soon had the satisfaction of verifying his suspicions by discovering the songster. The bird was hopping in and out the interstices of a stone wall, every few minutes repeating his low but exquisite notes. Mr. B. went on to state: "On my nearer approach he jumped down and dodged in among some long pieces of joist or fence rails laying near, and played at a sort of hide-and-go-seek game with me. Presently he flew to a large heap of brushwood, which was piled against a shed, where he was joined by three or four others, and on my coming near they slipped away into the interior of the heap with the facility of so many squirrels, hiding themselves so completely that it was impossible for me to discover them, but on my retiring they came out again. They seemed to have a particular fancy for this and another heap of brushwood, and were continually flying to and fro and dodging in and out among the small limbs." He mentioned these things as indicative of their habits. The next day he took his gun and went again to the locality, and was fortunate enough to obtain three.

Once since that time he had seen the White-crowned Sparrow. This was near the entrance of our cemetery [Evergreen] in Westbrook, two years ago, about the first of June. He then saw but a single one. He was inclined to think that occasionally they breed here, but their favorite resorts for breeding is in the far north.

Audubon mentions that his heart was frequently cheered by their beautiful minstrelsy while wandering among the dreary wastes of Labrador, and that he found its nest there. It was formed outwardly of soft, dry moss; then came a layer of fine grass, and an inner lining was of a fibrous root of a yellow color, almost as fine as hair. The nest was placed in the moss, near the foot of a low fir, and contained five eggs.

Should you ever meet with the White-crowned Sparrow, you may know it by the delicate, snow-white stripe on the top of its head.

The Mockingbird Wintering at Portland, Maine.

By MISS ELIZABETH W. RUSSELL.

On December 15th, 1908, after a heavy fall of snow, followed by rain, I saw, from the window of my home on Bowdoin street, a bird in the hedge bordering Mr. Franklin Payson's grounds, on Vaughan street side. I watched the bird a long while hoping it would fly, but it sat almost motionless until I left the window, and when I came back it had gone. I knew it was not a Robin, although about the size of one, and, as the breast was not mottled or spotted, I knew it could not be a Hermit Thrush. It was not a nervous bird, for men were shoveling and teams passing all the while it was there. I was too far from it to identify it. On the morning of December 18th, about eight o'clock, a bird flew to the hedge, close to our window,—about three feet from it,—which I saw was the same bird I had seen three days before. He stayed there where I could study him at close range for half an hour or more, and, although it seemed incredible, I could not make him out anything but a Mockingbird. We had a mounted specimen in the house with which I compared the live bird, and there was only the differences with which we are all familiar between birds dead and those alive. Some time after a neighbor telephoned me, to ask about a bird which came to eat the crumbs they threw out for the English Sparrows, with them. She described the bird I had seen and thought it might be a Shrike. I told her that when the Shrike and the English Sparrow fed together

it was the Shrike feeding on the Sparrow, and not peaceably with him on bread crumbs. After this the Mockingbird went daily for its food to this neighbor, Mrs. Thomas Haskell, of Bowdoin street, until spring. I saw the bird January 20th, and in several short flights had a fine opportunity to observe the white markings on wings and tail. February 7th it came again, and this time I feared for its life, for two cats were watching it eagerly, and it seemed absolutely without fear, flying low and alighting on a rose bush at one time. On February 8th, a neighbor, and an authority on birds, telephoned to ask if I had heard the Mockingbird sing, and said that she heard him that morning. This was the first time I heard of his singing, although he may have begun earlier. His song then was low and sweet, but grew daily fuller and richer, and when I first heard him, about ten days later, he was in full voice. It was his custom to give daily morning recitals from seven or a little later to ten or eleven. I did not hear of his singing in the afternoon, at any time. Mrs. Haskell made his diet more attractive as she realized what a distinguished vocalist she was entertaining, and although I spread most alluring meals promiscuously about on my hedge and trees and vines, he never came to partake of them. After each severe storm, we bird lovers in the neighborhood anxiously waited for tidings of the bird's safety, thinking it would be a miracle if he survived; but he came safely through our severe winter. I read during the winter that a Mockingbird had spent the previous winter in Roslindale, Mass., and that when spring came he went away and found a mate and came back to his winter haunts and raised a family. I hoped our Mockingbird would do the same. As spring came on he was seen less and less in the winter haunts, but moved over into the hedge on the Brown estate, on Vaughan street, and later to the vacant lot, corner Carroll and Chadwick streets. It was here that I last saw him, on April 17th, having a lively scrap with a Robin. On May 4th, I heard him singing, but did not see him, and although I sought him in every possible place, I neither saw nor heard him again. I hope some member of our Society may be able to take up the story here and finish it.

Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society.

By DANA W. SWEET, *Secretary*.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society convened at Portland, Nov. 26th and 27th, 1909, in the lecture room of the Portland Society of Natural History.

President Dr. Henry H. Brock called to order at 10.30 A. M. Friday, and gave an opening address.

The reports of the Treasurer and Editor were presented.

The following committees were appointed by the President:

AUDITING COMMITTEE:—J. M. Swain, Mrs. Harry McLellan.

RESOLUTIONS:—O. W. Knight, Mrs. E. E. Brewer, D. W. Sweet.

NOMINATIONS:—O. W. Knight, A. H. Norton, Helen Lewis.

The following persons were elected to membership.

On nomination of Dr. A. L. Chase, W. W. Wells, of Portland.

On nomination of Mrs. A. E. Marks, Miss Ellen Paine, of Bangor.

On nomination of Arthur Norton, Dr. Frank D. Tubbs, of Bates College, Lewiston.

The following rare and interesting specimens of birds were placed on exhibition:

By the Portland Society of Natural History, Bicknell Grey-cheek Thrush, Wilson Thrush, Hermit Thrush, Common Redpoll, Greater Redpoll.

By A. H. Norton, Alice Grey-cheek Thrush, Swainson Olive-back Thrush, Hoary Redpoll.

By Helen Lewis, Lincoln Sparrow, Mourning Warbler.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Vice-President J. M. Swain presided at the afternoon session, in the absence of the President.

The following were elected to membership :

On nomination of A. H. Norton, Chauncey F. Underhill, of Portland.

On nomination of Prescott Keyes, Arthur T. Craig, of Westbrook.

A paper on "The Last of the Passenger Pigeons Breeding at North Bridgton," by Hon. J. C. Mead, was read by the Secretary, in the absence of Mr. Mead.

A paper, "Charms of Nature," was read by Miss Sara Eastman.

O. W. Knight gave a talk on, "Bohemian Waxwings and Curlews," illustrated by lantern slides, showing the different species of Curlews, and views of flocks of Waxwings, photographed at Bangor.

Mrs. Fred Abbott gave a talk on "A Family of Robins," illustrated by several lantern slides. She also exhibited several nests of unusual interest.

Mr. Everett Smith, gave a talk on a Chimney Swift's nest, attached to the interior wall of an old building, and also a short talk on dead Leach Petrels which he had observed.

The meeting was then adjourned until evening.

FRIDAY EVENING.

President Dr. H. H. Brock called the meeting to order at 8.00 P. M., and gave a very instructive talk on bird protection.

The remainder of the evening was given to O. W. Knight, whose subject was "A Talk on Mt. Katahdin, and its Natural History," illustrated by 135 lantern slides. Mr. Knight commenced his lecture by giving an account of the legends of the Indian deity, Pamola, who dwelt on one of the peaks of the mountain. The slides showed the marvelous beauties of the wild and rugged scenery of the mountain, the rare birds that breed there and their nests, and some of the rare plants of the summit.

SATURDAY FORENOON.

Vice-President J. M. Swain called to order at 9.30.

The minutes were read.

Mr. A. H. Norton presented the names of Miss Elizabeth W. Russell, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. Chauncey Underhill, of Portland, and they were elected members.

Mr. J. H. Emerton, Secretary of the New England Federation of Natural History Societies, gave a talk on the need of closer relation of the different natural history societies.

On motion of O. W. Knight, voted that the Maine Ornithological Society affiliate with the New England Federation of Natural History Societies.

The Auditing Committee reported all the accounts correct.

The committee on nominations reported, and officers for 1910 were elected as follows:

PRESIDENT:—Dr. Henry H. Brock.

VICE-PRESIDENT:—J. Merton Swain.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:—Dana W. Sweet.

COUNCILLORS:—Walter H. Rich; W. C. Kendall.

EDITOR:—Louis E. Legge.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR:—Jed Frye Fanning.

The committee on resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved, That by the death of our beloved Editor and fellow-member, William H. Brownson, our society has sustained a great and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Maine Ornithological Society be extended to the Portland Society of Natural History for the use of its rooms as a meeting place, and the many other courtesies extended.

Resolved, That the Maine Ornithological Society pledges its support to any move looking to the securing and setting aside of Mt. Katahdin as a State park or State reserve.

O. W. KNIGHT,
MRS. E. E. BREWER,
D. W. SWEET.

Mr. Norton suggested the following amendment:

Resolved, That the Maine Ornithological Society pledges its support to any move seeming reasonable, to the society in session, or to the council, looking forward to securing and setting aside of Mt. Katahdin as a State park or State reserve.

The amendment was accepted by the committee, and the society voted that the resolutions, as amended, be adopted.

The chair appointed for Committee on Program for the next annual meeting, A. H. Norton, Louis E. Legge, Helen Lewis.

Mr. A. H. Norton suggested that two pages of the JOURNAL be offered to the Maine Audubon Society.

Remarks on the above suggestion were made by Mrs. Fred Abbott and Mr. O. W. Knight.

On motion of Mr. Knight, voted that two pages be offered to the Maine Audubon Society, under such conditions as will be acceptable to the council of the Maine Ornithological Society.

Two lantern slides were then shown, which were furnished by Helen Lewis; one, a Mockingbird, photographed in California; the other, a common Tern perched on a weir stake.

The following papers were then read by members present, the writers not being able to be present:

"The Mockingbird Wintering in Portland," by Elizabeth W. Russell, read by D. W. Sweet.

"The Black-throated Blue Warbler in November," by Harriette A. Nye, read by Mrs. Harry McLellan.

"A New Record of the Carolina Wren in Maine," and "Correction of an Erroneous Report of the Bewick's Wren," by H. L. Spinney, read by A. H. Norton.

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A Quarterly Magazine Devoted to the Study and Protection of Birds

Vol. XII

Published March 1, 1910

No. 1

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.00 a year; 25 cents a copy

The Maine Ornithological Society comprises in its membership the leading ornithologists and bird students of Maine. The membership is constantly increasing and the interest in the Society was never greater than now. If you are interested in birds and wish to know more about them you should by all means send in your name for membership in this Society. The dues are one dollar a year, and payment of this sum entitles each person elected to membership to the JOURNAL free of charge. Application for membership should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Dana W. Sweet, Phillips, Maine. Mr. Sweet is also the Treasurer and the annual dues should be paid to him. All persons, both young and old, are eligible to membership. It is not necessary for one to be versed in bird lore in order to insure his election to this Society. The larger the membership the more can be done in the way of improving the JOURNAL and increasing its size. Send in your name without further delay. The Society will be glad to welcome you to its meetings, which are held once a year in different cities.

The JOURNAL is reprinting herewith the contents of the Weeks' bill, so called, a measure to place migratory birds under federal protection, and bring about practical uniformity in protective laws.

The principle of Federal control of migratory birds has been advocated for a number of years, by ornithologists, sportsmen and bird protectors. The bill as here shown has met the approval of various local sportsmen, and it is hoped that the readers of the JOURNAL may also approve of it, and then express their approval to their representative in Congress.

A BILL to protect migratory birds of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all geese, swans, brant, ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, pigeons, and all

other migratory birds which, in their northern and southern migrations, pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided for.

SEC. 2. That the Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous section by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits, and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country within which said closed seasons it shall not be lawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protection of this law, and by declaring penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, for violations of such regulations.

SEC. 3. That the Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regulations, shall cause the same to be made public, and shall allow a period of three months in which said regulations may be examined and considered before final adoption, permitting, when deemed proper, public hearings thereon, and after final adoption to cause same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval: *Provided, however,* That nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the States and Territories for the protection of game localized within their borders, nor to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute.

The editors have a letter from Dr. Ora W. Knight, long a member of the Maine Ornithological Society, and a frequent contributor to the JOURNAL, in which he asks them to make for him a statement regarding a recent publication called "The Timberdoodle."

The publication named contained some humorous verses in which were named the said Society, several of its members and certain well-known American ornithologists. The verses were unsigned and no one was named as the publisher.

Dr. Knight authorizes us to say that he is the author of the verses, and that they were issued thus anonymously, not because he was unwilling to be known as the author, and certainly with no intent of putting anyone else in a false light, but because he "did not wish the article taken seriously," and such is, as he understands it, "the usual way of publishing parodies, satires and similar humorous and harmless writings, intended for fun making."

But inasmuch as it has been called to his attention, that some of the other writers whose names are used therein might possibly be regarded as having had a part in such publication, he takes this opportunity to say that they had no knowledge that the verses were to be published, that he is their author and assumes full responsibility for the same.

Attention is called to the annual business meeting and exhibitions of the New England Federation of Natural History Societies, April 15th and 16th, to be held at the building of the Boston Society of Natural History, Berkeley and Boylston streets, Boston.

Information and circulars can be obtained of the Secretary, J. H. Emerton, 194 Clarendon street, Boston. Through the membership of the Maine Ornithological Society, all of its members are entitled to attend the exhibitions and informal meetings, exhibit specimens and any material relating to natural history.

The JOURNAL has just received a circular announcing the organization of the American Bird Banding Association, the president of which is Leon J. Cole, Peabody Museum, New Haven, Conn. The purpose of this association is to study the movements and migrations of wild birds by means of metal bands, which are attached to their legs. These bands bear an address and a serial number, the inscription reading "Notify the *Auk*, New York."

When a bird is banded a record is made of the number of the

band, and the species of bird on which it is used, as well as the date and the place of banding. This method certainly provides most accurate data as to the movement of individual birds. It will be interesting to know that Mr. Arthur H. Norton, a well-known member of the Maine Ornithological Society, banded a young Bluebird in the manner described above, at Westbrook, July 26, 1909, and recently received word from Mr. Cole that the bird had been killed on January 26, 1910, at Cliffside, Rutherford County, N. C.

This association is soliciting members in order to carry on the work and make it self-supporting. Information may be procured by communicating with the JOURNAL or the association's Secretary, C. J. Pennock, Kenneth Square, Pa.

Bird Notes.

Notes and observations upon bird life within our State are earnestly desired from all our readers for publication in this column, and should be sent to Louis E. Legge, 22 Dow Street, Portland, Maine.

We note with much satisfaction the increasing frequency with which the members of our society report to the JOURNAL their ornithological observations. This is an important part of our duties, one to another, and should be shared in by all interested in bird life. The JOURNAL'S columns are always open to contributors of items of general interest relating to Maine birds, and we trust our members will, through this medium, disseminate such knowledge as they personally possess.

MEADOWLARKS IN ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY.—In an interview for the *Portland Evening Express* of May 22, 1909, to which reference was made in the JOURNAL for December, page 124, I am represented as "surprised to learn that a small colony of Meadowlarks located in Auburn is the only one of the kind in Maine." I certainly was surprised to learn this, for my field notes recorded that Meadowlarks were fairly common—as many as thirty seen in a day—within a mile north and northeast of Lewiston, from April 24th to the date of the interview. It may be added that in smaller numbers—five to ten in a field—I observed the Meadowlark about Lewiston and in various parts of the county throughout the summer. Further, the birds were fully three times as numerous in 1909 as in 1908. A happy result of the interview, as reported, was the bringing me considerable information on the bird's distribution over the State from Cumberland County to Somerset and Penobscot.—*F. D. Tubbs, Lewiston, Me.*

MEADOWLARKS IN BANGOR.—The notes in regard to the occurrence of Meadowlarks in Maine have interested me. There are a good number of the birds to be seen in the vicinity of Bangor during spring and summer. I know four distinct and widely separated localities, none more than a mile and a half from the center of the city, where I am sure to see Meadowlarks, and have

seen them in all four places the last four seasons. I had seen them in two of the places for two years before that. I have also seen them in several other places, but these I have not counted, because it is possible that the birds seen in those places may have been stragglers from some one of the four localities before mentioned.

Last fall, I witnessed what was to me a strange sight. On the afternoon of October 4th, as my sister and I were walking in the outskirts of Bangor, with bird-glasses in hand, as is our custom, we noticed a tree, which stood by itself in a field at some distance from us, which seemed to be dotted over thickly on all its branches with some large-sized birds. They were not large enough nor black enough for Crows, nor dark enough for Grackles either, and the position and shape did not suggest Robins. We started across fields to investigate. As we came within hearing distance our ears were greeted with a perfect babel of sound. It seemed an incessant chatter, as if all were talking at once, and each trying to talk down the others. "Surely," we said, "whatever they are, they are holding a German *Kaffee-K'latsch*." Can it be that there is a suggestion of the Meadowlark's note in the medley of sound? I had never heard it before except in distinct and separate calls. As we approached nearer the tree, the birds began to leave in platoons of ten or a dozen at a time. Most of them seemed to alight in the grass and stubble at some distance, although our eyes lost track of many of them. By the time we were near enough to clearly distinguish the markings of the birds with our glasses, not more than a dozen were left on the tree. These we now identified surely, and now we could tell the call plainly also. They were Meadowlarks. There were at least thirty or forty birds on the tree when we first saw it. Had all the Meadowlarks for miles around Bangor congregated here by appointment for a farewell social? Do Meadowlarks gather beforehand and migrate in flocks? I ask for information.—*Bertha L. Brown, Bangor, Me.*

MEADOWLARKS IN MANCHESTER, ME.—In response to Mr. A. H. Norton's request, in the December JOURNAL, for notes on the

occurrence and status of the Meadowlark in Maine, I venture to submit the following dates:

The first time I observed the Meadowlark was in the spring of 1898, at Manchester, Maine. Apparently it was then a new bird to the locality, though it appeared in some numbers that season, and evidently bred there. Since then it has been a regular summer resident in that part of Kennebec County, and, though not abundant, would certainly be called a common bird in our meadows. The only nest I have seen was in a slight depression in ground in the open mowing field, and when I found it, about July 10th, contained five eggs. The young birds leave the nest during the later part of haying, and from that time till their migration in October old and young usually feed about the fields in groups of one brood each, though during the last month of their stay several broods frequently join forces, making small flocks of a dozen or fifteen birds each. I have the following dates for its appearance and disappearance:

FIRST SEEN.	LAST SEEN.
March 19, 1903,	—
March 30, 1905,	—
March 15, 1908,	—
March 19, 1909,	October 12, 1909.

I have never seen the Meadowlark in or around Brunswick, though I have looked for it the past two seasons.—*Alton S. Pope, Brunswick, Me.*

MEADOWLARK AT FARMINGTON, ME.—I have seen the Meadowlark here quite frequently during the past three or four years. I saw eight in one flock and five in another. This was after the young were large enough to fly. This spring I saw my first Meadowlark the 11th of April.—*H. W. Jewell, Farmington, Me.*

BALTIMORE ORIOLE USES SAME NEST YEAR AFTER YEAR.—I have read in some bird book that this bird makes a new nest every year, never using the same nest but once, but to my certain knowledge a pair used a nest three years that I know of and perhaps

longer. I visited the nest every year, and as it was always occupied I concluded that the same pair came back to the home nest every year.—*H. W. Jewell, Farmington, Me.*

BIRDS DROP THEIR EGGS WHILE FLYING.—How many have ever noticed that birds drop their eggs while flying, and when quite a distance from the nest? The first bird I noticed which did this was a Bluebird. I was working in a garden when I noticed a Bluebird flying about twenty feet in the air. As she passed by and before she flew over a fence she dropped, or, in other words, laid an egg, while on the wing. The egg had developed so fast no doubt she could not wait until the nest was reached. The same thing occurred with a Robin that was forty or fifty feet from the nest, which she was trying to reach, but did not in time. The Robin's egg was broken, but the Bluebird's fell into the sand and did not break, which seemed to me very singular.—*H. W. Jewell, Farmington, Me.*

WHITE-CROWNED SPARROWS AT MT. DESERT, ME.—On May 15th, 1909, just before dark, I saw two White-crowned Sparrows on a brush pile by a brook that run into the mill pond at Norwood Cove. They were the handsomest birds seen this spring. The Ovenbird and Yellow Warbler arrived the next morning, May 16th, for the first time this year.—*Sam A. Lurvey.*

BIRD NOTES FROM THE VICINITY OF PORTLAND, ME.—During the month of November, 1909, I made three visits to Delano Park in the hope of finding Myrtle Warblers, but without success. A lady whom I met on the occasion of my second visit told me that she had seen some that morning. On the 11th of December, I saw three feeding among the bayberry bushes, and, as I was watching them, eight more came from some place beyond the Park and alighted in a pine tree near which I stood. I cannot express the pleasure it gave me to see these beautiful little Warblers, which, I think, are passing their seventh winter at the Cape.

On the morning of January 1st, 1910, I went to Pine Point.

Just after my arrival, two men came into the station to say that a "big" White Owl, had flown across the track and gone down on the marsh, a short distance above the road. Upon hearing this, every one rushed out to see this newcomer, and perched on a hayrack where he could plainly be seen, was a very large Arctic Owl. He was fiercely attacked by two Crows that were feeding near by, and flew hither and thither in the effort to escape from them, but, finding it impossible to do so, he made for the woods, at Grand Beach, closely attended by his assailants. I regretted that he was disturbed by the Crows, for otherwise I should have had a better view of this somewhat rare visitor, the first of his kind that I had ever seen.

I made my way to the shore, where I found a large flock of Snow Buntings, a dozen Shorelarks, and a few Crows. The tide was at its lowest ebb, and scattered about the flats were companies of Herring Gulls, but, although I scanned each group with my glass, I did not see a single Black-backed Gull, which was rather unusual. In the river, so called, and very near the shore, were forty or fifty Old Squaws, and a little farther away, about the same number of Shelldrake. I did not see any Meadowlarks, but was told that they are wintering at the Point, keeping to the lowest part of the marsh except when they are driven up by very high tides, as on the 26th of December, when twenty were seen near the station.—*Sara C. Eastman, Portland, Me.*

MY FIRST RECORD OF THE GOLDFINCH IN 1910.—On New Year's Day, 1910, I saw a flock of Goldfinches feeding on the seeds in the cones of larches, spruces, and cedars, on the Dr. Parcher place in Ellsworth. They also picked fallen seeds from the ground. In the flock of thirty or more Goldfinches was one Pine Siskin. They called "*per chee chee*," and "*'tseet*".—*C. J. Stanwood, Ellsworth, Me.*

DOVES AND PIGEONS OF THE UNITED STATES.—In the JOURNAL of September, Mr. Beckett tells us that there were nine species of Doves or Pigeons indigenous to our country. He

enumerates them as Band-tailed Dove, Zenaida Dove, Key-West Pigeon, Ground Dove, Blue-headed Pigeon and White-headed Pigeon, Carolina Turtle and Texas Turtle Dove, and Passenger or common Wild Pigeon. The fact is, there are sixteen kinds of Doves or Pigeons which have been taken in the United States. Fifteen of these are listed in the A. O. U. check list, and one, the Scaled Pigeon, has been added since. The list is Band-tailed Pigeon, Vioscas, Red-billed, White-crowned, Passenger, Mourning Dove, Zenaida, White-fronted, White-winged, Ground, Mexican Ground, Inca, Key-West, Quail Dove, Ruddy Quail Dove, Blue-headed Quail Dove, and the Scaled Pigeon. As the word indigenous is usually understood, "indigenous" means native, or born in the country where found. These last four are never found here except as stragglers and are marked as extra limital in the A. O. U. list. I have all these kinds of Doves and Pigeons in my collection, but what bird Mr. Beckett refers to by the name of Texas Turtle Dove is more than I can guess.—*Manly Hardy, Brewer, Me.*

TREATMENT OF NORTH AMERICAN PIGEONS AND DOVES.—In view of the foregoing criticism of Mr. Beckett's paper on Pigeons and Doves, it must be pointed out that his paper was published February 1st, 1858 (Cf. JOURNAL ME. ORN. SOC., XI, p. 69), and must be judged by the knowledge of that time, and not of our own. The works of Wilson, Bonaparte and Audubon were then the sources of reference. Even the work by Baird, Cassin and Lawrence, which appeared the same year, was not available at the time Mr. Beckett's paper appeared. He reported nine species, while the "Birds of North America," by Baird, Cassin and Lawrence, a few months later, contained but eleven. One of these, the Scaled Dove, was not then entitled to rank as North American, thus leaving only the Red-billed Dove additional to those treated by Mr. Beckett. Two of the four species now regarded as extra limital were included in his paper, the Key-west and the Blue-headed Quail Doves. Even here we find our author abreast of his time, for

Audubon treated the first as a summer resident of the Florida Keys, and implied the same to be true of the latter species. His use of the term indigenous was therefore justified. As to the identification of the Texas Turtle Dove, there can be no doubt that it was the bird now known as the White-winged Dove.—*Arthur H. Norton, Portland, Me.*

BLACK-THROATED BLUE WARBLER AT FAIRFIELD CENTER.—It may be interesting to note that the Black-throated Blue Warbler was observed in Fairfield Center, Me., upon October 31st and November 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1909, an unusually late date for the occurrence of this species in this latitude.—*Harriet A. Nye, Fairfield Center, Me.*

MEADOWLARKS IN SKOWHEGAN.—The Lark has been a regular visitor here for ten years. In 1900 we knew of but one pair nesting here. This colony has continued. Others have been formed, so that last summer the sweet, reedy whistle of the bird could be heard from the fields quite frequently. I knew of four different localities where the bird could usually be seen or heard.

Last summer we had an unusual abundance and variety of bird life. The Brown Thrasher and Rose-breasted Grosbeak, both rare visitors with us, nested here.—*Hattie B. Fogler, Skowhegan, Me.*

The Journal

of the

Maine Ornithological Society

Published by the Society on the first of March, June, September and December

Vol. XII

JUNE, 1910

No. 2

Some Notes on the Woodcock's Spring Song.

By WALTER H. RICH.

In May of last year I had the opportunity of watching a Woodcock's antics in the dusk, and of hearing its song. It was in my "training ground", where I had on the sixth of that month just liberated twelve "Hungarian Partridges" (*Perdix cinerea*).

As we walked along in the dusk, after a search for the Partridges, my companion called my attention to a bird note which was new to him. I listened a moment and then said, "The first Night Hawk, I think." An instant later I doubted, and at once my doubt was confirmed when there sounded again the nasal "*p-a-a-nck! p-a-a-nck!*" of a Woodcock. Soon we heard him whistle somewhere on wing and presently he appeared flying about, high up under a particularly bright star, where he sang and trilled and twittered. I do not remember having ever before heard a Woodcock make so much, so varied and so good music. It was a veritable song, and many a so-called song-bird does not possess such a repertoire as did he.

The night was clear and cloudless, with no moon, but bright with starlight, so that there was no difficulty in following every development. I think he went through his performance at least a dozen times, with intervals of rest between of not more than a minute. On each occasion he came to earth near by us, always within fifty yards and nearly always within thirty feet, seeming to have some curiosity as to our presence and intentions, but showing very little fear. In one instance he had almost settled upon the ground within three feet of me before noticing my motionless figure; either that, or, as may be possible, he was examining his disturbers at close range, for, flying first close to my companion and making a half circle about his head he approached me, poised an instant within hand reach, and then came to earth not over ten feet away.

When I approached him as he rested upon the ground he made a peculiar gluttural note, which I cannot describe better than to say that it was like the faint, muffled "*b-o-o-mp*" of a bull-frog. I stood quietly waiting until he should resume, which he presently did, jerking out, with much bobbing of head and twitching of tail, a series of nasal, rasping "*quancks!*" After a little he whistled away again, circled, twittered, sang and dropped to earth. He must have made eight or ten flights before I left him, and from all indications was ready to make as many more.

A week later a party of four of us made an excursion into the cover to listen to my twilight musician, and, though the wind was high and conditions seemed somewhat unfavorable, we were treated to a very fine exhibition of his powers.

This evening there were two birds present, and at times we had both in the air together. Once there came a sudden whistling of wings and we saw one bird chase the other out of this territory. Pursuer and pursued were very plainly visible as they darted and twisted over the tops of the pines on the western border of the cover. Presently one returned and resumed the serenade. I wondered whether this performance was a part of the courtship, or whether my little friend was driving an interloper away from his

lady's casement. If the latter was the case, no serious harm seems to have resulted from the combat, if such it was, since we heard what was probably the intruder performing a little distance away a short time after.

It appeared to me that our bird did not do as much singing as during my former visit. If so, perhaps the high wind may have abated his ardor, or may have made the performance more difficult. I noticed that this night each time he left the ground he swung to leeward for fully half of his first circle, mounting at once when he faced into the wind.

One of my companions carefully timed several of the flight. They ranged from forty-five to fifty-five seconds in duration, divided approximately as follows: first, a period of whistling, circling flight while the bird mounted to his proper height—anywhere between sixty and one hundred yards, as nearly as I could estimate it in the uncertain light—lasting about thirty-five seconds; second, another period of short but somewhat varying extent, when he piped a few preparatory notes at little intervals before starting into his full tide of song; third, the song itself, filling perhaps fifteen seconds; and finally the dart to earth, with wings half closed, made in silence. The intervals between flights ranged between thirty and sixty seconds.

The song notes were as clear and liquid as a Bobolink's and fully as musical. During the production of these the whistle of the wings could be plainly heard as a sort of accompaniment to the vocalism.

It may be of interest that a brood has been hatched in this same cover every summer for several years back, all the birds remaining until the middle of July, when they disappear. This spot seems to become too dry for them in the hot weather, but by late September it becomes a fair flight cover, and is usually good for a few birds during the fall migrations.

A Lowly Home.

Nest and Young of the Nashville Warbler.

By CORDELIA J. STANWOOD, Ellsworth, Maine.

About the middle of May, the Nashville Warbler returns from a winter sojourn in Mexico or Texas. Nearly the color of the newly-come foliage, it can be distinguished with difficulty from the catkins of the willows, on which it often feeds. It is well-nigh impossible to make out its markings, as it flits from the top of birch to larch, from larch to birch, a restless member of a restless family. My first observation of this bird I well remember. I no sooner located it in one tree than it was minded to seek the summit of a tree in the swale across the field. Valiantly I trudged from one swamp to the other for the hundredth time, only to perceive my elusive Warbler friend had changed his mind. He preferred his former feeding ground after all. This keeping to the tree-tops was mere perversity. The bird gathers its fare at other times on the ground and from the lowest branches to the topmost twigs of the trees.

1906.

May 30. First seen.

June 26. Nest of five young birds nearly ready to leave.

1907.

May 18. First seen.

June 16. Nest with five eggs, bird sitting.

Aug. 7. Nest of three eggs, bird sitting; by the 14th birds nearly covered with green-gray feathers.

1908.

May 14. First seen.

June 20. Four eggs, bird sitting.

July 1. Three little birds ready to leave. Circumstances seemed to indicate some had already departed.

1909.

May 8. First seen.

June 13. Five birds, lately hatched.

July 7. Four eggs, the fourth laid to-day.

July 16. Found nest with four eggs, bird incubating. Hatched
July 24th; left nest Aug. 4th before 8.30 A. M.

The region where the Nashville dwells is high and rocky. Between these low hills is a chain of boiling springs that feed a series of swamps extending from one end of this area to the other. The land is used for field, and pasture, and woodland respectively. The bird life varies accordingly. When a growth of evergreens—pine, fir, spruce and hemlock—is cut, it is succeeded by a growth of hard wood—gray, white and yellow birches, maple, poplar, beech, cherry and larch—and vice versa. As the woodland is cut in strips, there are always these growths in juxtaposition. Though the nest of the Nashville is always placed among the gray birches, the inevitable strip of evergreen woodland is near at hand, and a swale not far away.

The nest of the Nashville is sometimes placed in comparatively low ground (that is, compared with its immediate surroundings), in soft green moss under an apology for a shrub, again in the side of a knoll covered with bird wheat (hair-cap) moss, or at other times in an open space in the woodlands under a stump, or tent-like mass of grass, or a clump of gray-birch saplings. Around the top is usually woven a rim of coarse, soft, green moss; sometimes dried boulder fern or bracken is added. The side coming against the stump or overhanging moss lacks this foundation. The nest is lined with fine hay, if it abounds in the neighborhood, or pine needles if they are nearer at hand. Sometimes both are used. The red fruit stems of bird wheat moss and rabbit's hair are often employed. One or two birds have preferred some black, hair-like vegetable fibre for lining matter, one bird, horse hair.

When placed under a stump, or in the side of a knoll, the nest is very fragile, but the overhanging moss, or stump, yields the shelter of a roof; when set down into the ground, it is wellnigh as substantially built and lined as most ground nests, but it is roofless.

The following nest studies embody my observations of the domestic life of the Nashville Warbler.

June 16, 1907, I flushed a Nashville from her nest containing five eggs, pinkish, cream white. The eggs were covered with minute, reddish-brown and lavender specks and ringed around the larger end and with dots of greater size. The female chirped in the neighborhood of the nest some, but as soon as I concealed myself near, resumed her task of incubation. The next time I visited the nest, the bird allowed me to study her closely before taking flight. She is inclined to jerk her tail and flutter her wings somewhat while fretting. Her scolding note is very soft and uttered irregularly. Once when she was away, the male fluttered over the nest twice but did not take her place.

June 26th, four eggs hatched in the Warbler nest, one not fertile.

Third day, the mother was very loath to leave her charge. The young birds had little holes for ears, a dark spot on the head where pinfeathers will appear, and the same kind of dark space down the middle of the back. The birds are very yellow, covered with burnt umber natal down.

On the seventh day the young Warblers looked remarkably mature. They are dark brown-gray on the head, a sort of olive-brown or greenish-brown on the back, have buffy wing bars and are brownish-yellow underneath. On my making the slightest movement, they snuggle down in the nest and lie so flat it is all but impossible to distinguish them at all. Their little, bright eyes look full of comprehension.

The tenth day, the ninth complete day in the nest, July 5th, when I went to take their photograph, they were gone. The nest was disturbed in no wise. The egg lay outside where it had been left by the bird it clung to. A mass of fresh ordure in the nest indicated that the bird had now departed.

The nest was shaded by a miniature forest of firs. The moss around the top, in this case, was hair-cap, the lining, hay, the red fruit stems of hair-cap moss, fine, black vegetable fibre, and rabbit's hair. The parent birds keep the nest very clean. There are, however, the bran-like particles of quill envelopes in the interstices of

the nest, due to the preening of the young birds. This, of course, is unavoidable.

July 9th, 1908, attracted by the chirps of the Nashville, I found, by patient waiting, a beautiful little nest in the side of a knoll, covered with hair-cap moss and strewn with pine needles. The dainty cradle was made of pine needles lined with the fruit stems of hair-cap moss. It was likewise roofed by the overhanging hair-cap moss. I had to bend down to see the four eggs. The knoll was surrounded by a copse of firs. As usual, the nest was located in a growth of gray birches, adjoining evergreen timber, not far from a swamp. The birds seem to feed on the birches chiefly. The spot was far from inhabited dwellings. When flushed from the nest, the bird trailed a pretended broken wing along the ground for a yard or so, flew to the cover of some low saplings, and mounted from low saplings to higher branches zigzagging to the top of the birches. The bird characteristically moved farther and farther away from her nest, calling chirp softly and irregularly. As I was on my way home, I followed the foolish little lady for a hundred yards or more before she became suddenly quiet and disappeared.

July 16th, four little Warblers in the nest.

Third day, eyelids open one-thirty-second of an inch in the middle, the wing quills three-sixteenths of an inch long, the blue spaces on the wings three-eighths of an inch deep; the feather tracts indicated also on head, back and coecyx.

Fifth day, the quills extend beyond the wings three-eighths of an inch; the head is leather-like, of a walnut stain tone, and the entire bird is assuming the same color in the center of the feather tracts, with the interspaces burnt-orange. The birds are constantly growing darker all over. I noticed particularly the eyes of the birds are well open but not completely.

Seventh day, the wing quills are all of an inch long, the pin-feathers well grown, but the spaces between the feather tracts still show.

Ninth day, quills pretty well removed. Young birds resemble parent birds strongly.

Eleventh day, June 27th, nest empty, but fresh excrement just outside would indicate that the bird had but now taken wing. That would give ten full days in the nest. In another case the young left the nest on the eleventh day before 8.30 A. M. A third nest of birds left probably on the eleventh day, but as I did not visit the nest on the tenth day, I could not be positive.

A nest containing five young birds, either two or three days old, found June 13th, 1909, is the earliest record I have of the nesting of the Nashville. A nest found August 7th, 1907, the bird incubating three eggs, is the latest record I have of the nesting of this bird. As late as Aug. 23rd, 1908, I noted both parent birds feeding young.

July 6th, 1909, a Nashville was incubating three eggs about 7.00 o'clock P. M. The following day there were four eggs. I dated incubation, however, from the day the clutch was completed. Once I saw the male assisting in incubation toward night. I just had time to note the yellow markings above the beak, when he was gone.

A clutch consists of from three to five eggs. The first sets of the season usually contain four or five eggs, the late sets, three, but this rule is far from invariable. I never, however, have found a clutch of five eggs late in the summer.

The bird spends twelve days incubating, and the young, if undisturbed, leave the nest on the eleventh day, spending ten complete days in the nest.

In the vicinity of every swamp within a mile of the house, I have found the Nashville nesting. I have never found two nests in the same locality at the same time. One Nashville Warbler seems to cover a comparatively wide range—I believe that to be true, generally, of most birds. I have seen the Black and White Warbler, the Bay-breast, the Junco, the Redstart, the Magnolia, the Nashville, the Swainson Thrush and the Robin, all nesting within a few

rods of the bars, but to find another nest of any of those species I was obliged to travel a considerable distance. This summer two pairs of robins nested somewhat near each other. For a long time one pair regularly drove the other from the field where they came for earthworms and grasshoppers. I believe peace in our bird community was only restored by the accidental destruction of one of the nests.

The songs of the Nashville Warbler vary much. One common song sounds like 'tsin, 'tsin, 'tsee, another *sweeten, sweeten, 'tsee*, a third, *sillup, sillup, sillup, 'tsee-e-e-e-e-e*. At other times the bird sings but part of the song as *sweeten, sweet*; or *sweeten, 'tsee*; or *sweeta, sweeta, 'tsee*; or recombines them differently as *sweeten, sweeten, sweeten, 'tsee-e-e-e-e-e*. The song of the Nashville is so insistent the bird seems more common than it really is.

Sometimes the syllables are all given slowly, again they are run together so that it is hard to determine the number. The syllables in the first part of the song vary from two to eight, and the length of the trill varies in like manner. The song is loud, constant, and heard all over the locality, coming principally from the gray birches, but also from the maples, poplars and evergreens. The bird sings from the tree-tops, but likewise from the middle branches, and I have seen it singing on the ground and just a few inches above it. My last record of its song in 1908 was made the 17th day of July, the first, May the 14th. Between these dates it sang well-nigh incessantly.

In my note-book is this jotting of a concert given by the Nashville Warblers. "May 15th, 1909, a flock of Nashvilles sang every variety of their song in a low growth of staminate willows, on the sunny side of the woods, this afternoon while feeding on the insects in the now fading catkins. They were so numerous, so beautifully colored—the golden catkins, and the green and gold birds—so merry in their song, so uncommonly unconscious of an observer, that the experience was one to be remembered."

Notes from Lancaster, N. H.

I think "The Disappointments of 1909" would be an appropriate title for my article, for, familiar as I am with the many failures and disappointments of the collector, the past season seemed about the limit in this respect. I used to have good success with the Northern Pileated Woodpecker, some seasons taking several sets of their eggs, but for the past four years I have not been able to collect a perfect set. This year three nests yielded me no treasures, two nests containing young when found and the other being hopelessly beyond reach in a huge birch.

Next in order comes the Hudsonian Chickadee, which I found nesting for the second time, nest containing seven eggs on the point of hatching. This nest was in a decayed spruce stump in a swamp grown over with low bushes and a few scattering tamarack and spruce trees. The nest was about three feet from the ground, in a cavity six inches deep, composed of a quantity of rabbit fur and shreds of green moss, very warm and soft. The birds were extremely tame, and I could almost touch them as they hovered about while I explored the nest. This nest was located within fifty yards of one found in 1908, from which I secured a fine set of seven eggs.

For the past four years a pair of Wilson Warblers have inhabited a small swamp about a mile from my home, and I have spent many hours watching the birds and hunting for their nest, much of the time wading in cold water, ankle deep. This year I entered the swamp more determined than ever to find the nest and secure the treasured eggs, and on my first trip, after a long and careful search, I found the frail little structure on top of a small, grassy knoll among thick bushes, but there were no eggs at this time. I immediately left the vicinity and did not return for a week, at which time there were two eggs and the birds were singing close by. Four days later the nest contained the same number of eggs and the birds were singing, as usual, but were not on the nest, and on returning two days later I did not hear the customary song and approached with some misgivings. No birds were near, and I did

not hear or see them again, so I took the nest and two eggs, which were wet and cold. Even though I did not secure a complete set, I enjoyed my experience with these bright little creatures, one day having the pleasure of watching the male take his morning bath within a few feet of my face.

I had just the same luck with a Canadian Warbler, discovering the nest before any eggs were laid, returning a week later to find two eggs and then on my next visit finding the nest deserted.

While at Second Connecticut Lake, late in June, I found a new nest of the Blackpoll Warbler, which was promptly deserted, and I also located two old nests of the Bay-breast, which was a fairly common bird in that region. However, good sets of Blackpoll, Black-throated Green and Blackburnian took the edge off what might well be called a season of disappointments.

FRED B. SPAULDING.

Migration Reports, 1909.

The following migration reports were made by: Sara C. Eastman, Portland and vicinity, Cumberland County; Alton S. Pope, Brunswick, Cumberland County; Nellie F. Dunton, Bath, Sagadahoc County; Augusta D. Robinson, Bowdoinham, Sagadahoc County; Everett E. Johnson, Hebron, Oxford County; Edward C. Pope, Manchester, Kennebec County; Aaron Marden, Farmington, Franklin County.

	Portland.	Brunswick.	Bath.	Bowdoinham.	Hebron.	Manchester.	Farmington.
Holboell's Grebe,	Jan. 2						
Pied-billed Grebe,	Oct. 17						
Loon,	Nov. 6						
Black-backed Gull,	Jan. 2						
Wilson's Tern,	July 27						
Black Duck,	Nov. 6			April 5			
American Golden-eye Duck,		April 10					
Old-squaw,	" 6						
Canada Goose,	April 3			" 17	Mar. 26	Mar. 26	
American Bittern,					May 24		
Blue Heron,	Sept. 11						
Black-Crowned Night Heron,	June 11						
American Woodcock,	Oct. 7	" 15				April 17	April 10
Pectoral Sandpiper,	" 2						
Semi-palmated Sandpiper,	July 27					May 14	
Greater Yellowlegs,							
Solitary Sandpiper,					Aug. 29	May 27	" 2
Bartramian Sandpiper,							
Spotted Sandpiper,	May 23						
Semi-palmated Plover,	July 29						
Marsh Hawk,	Sept. 11						
Sharp-shinned Hawk,	April 18			Mar. 28	April 14		
Cooper's Hawk,					" 13		April 12
Red-tailed Hawk,					" 18		" 5
Red-shouldered Hawk,					" 5		May 7
Broad-winged Hawk,		" 8					

[illegible]

White-throated Sparrow,	April 26	May 4	April 22	May 4	April 29	April 31	April 19	April 24
Tree Sparrow,	" 19		" 21	April 30	Nov. 3	Mar. 5	" 6	
Chipping Sparrow,	" 19		" 4	Mar. 13	Mar. 31			
Field Sparrow,	{ Sept. 29		" 1	" 28	April 3	April 2	" 2	
Slate-colored Junco,	April 10	April 20	" 1	April 3	" 2	" 8	" 22	
Song Sparrow,	Oct. 29	April 6	" 1	April 3	" 2	" 8	" 22	
Swamp Sparrow,	July 10		May 14	" 24	July 5	May 19		
Fox Sparrow,	" 10	May 19	July 1	July 16	May 30	" 19		
Chewink,	" 8	" 4	" 12	May 15	" 20	" 8		
Rose-breasted Grosbeak,	May 31	April 24	" 8	April 18	April 18	April 21	May 5	
Indigo Bunting,	" 15		" 8	June 3	July 19	May 25		
Scarlet Tanager,	" 21		" 8	June 31	May 27	April 12		
Purple Martin,	June 4		" 30	May 31	May 27			
Cliff Swallow,	May 31	May 19	" 27	May 31	May 27			
Barn Swallow,	" 8		" 27	" 6	" 17	May 4	" 5	
Tree Swallow,	" 15		" 13	" 15	" 21			
Bank Swallow,	" 21		" 4	" 9	" 22	" 15		
Cedar Waxwing,	June 4		" 14	" 9	" 21	" 22		
Loggerhead Shrike,	May 31		" 14	" 24	" 6	" 16		
Red-eyed Vireo,	June 2		" 27	" 27	" 17	May 4	" 5	
Warbling Vireo,	" 4		" 13	" 15	" 21			
Blue-headed Vireo,	Sept. 23		" 4	" 9	" 22	" 15		
Black and White Warbler,	May 8		" 14	" 9	" 21	" 22		
Nashville Warbler,	" 14		" 15	" 24	" 17	" 16		
Parula Warbler,	" 15		" 12	" 27	" 17	" 16		
Yellow Warbler,	" 12		" 8	" 27	" 17	" 16		
Black-throated Blue Warbler,	" 8		" 14	" 27	" 17	" 16		
Myrtle Warbler,	" 14		" 12	" 27	" 17	" 16		
Magnolia Warbler,	" 12		" 14	" 27	" 17	" 16		
Chestnut-sided Warbler,	Oct. 2		" 14	" 27	" 17	" 16		
Black-poll Warbler,	" 13		" 14	" 27	" 17	" 16		
Blackburnian Warbler,	May 14	" 12	" 9	" 9	" 21	" 17	" 16	
Black-throated Green Warbler,	" 13	" 20	" 25	" 13	" 21	" 17	" 16	
Pine Warbler,	{ April 19	April 20	" 18	" 13	" 21	" 17	" 16	
Yellow Palm Warbler,					Oct. 11			

Ovenbird,	May 15	May 12	May 12	May 12	May 9
Water-thrush,	" 16				
Northern Yellowthroat,	" 20	" 27	" 11	May 17	" 10
Wilson's Warbler,	" 20			" 21	
Canadian Warbler,		" 27	" 20	" 21	" 10
Redstart,	" 14			" 6	
American Pipit,	{			Sept. 20	
Catbird,	" 8		" 20	May 14	" 13
Brown Thrasher,	" 26	May 17	" 31	" 14	" 14
House Wren,		April 13			5 13
Winter Wren,					
Ruby-crowned Kinglet,	April 19	April 20	April 22		April 18
Veery,	May 20	May 27	May 27		
Olive-backed Thrush,	May 14	May 27	April 16	April 12	" 18
Hermit Thrush,	April 6	April 19	April 22	Mar. 27	Mar. 29
Robin,	" 3	Mar. 28	Mar. 23	" 30	" 28
Bluebird,	" 10	" 29	" 23	Mar. 26	

The Journal of the Maine Ornithological Society

A Quarterly Magazine Devoted to the Study and Protection of Birds

Vol. XII

Published June 1, 1910

No. 2

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.00 a year; 25 cents a copy

The Maine Ornithological Society comprises in its membership the leading ornithologists and bird students of Maine. The membership is constantly increasing and the interest in the Society was never greater than now. If you are interested in birds and wish to know more about them you should by all means send in your name for membership in this Society. The dues are one dollar a year, and payment of this sum entitles each person elected to membership to the JOURNAL free of charge. Application for membership should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Dana W. Sweet, Phillips, Maine. Mr. Sweet is also the Treasurer and the annual dues should be paid to him. All persons, both young and old, are eligible to membership. It is not necessary for one to be versed in bird lore in order to insure his election to this Society. The larger the membership the more can be done in the way of improving the JOURNAL and increasing its size. Send in your name without further delay. The Society will be glad to welcome you to its meetings, which are held once a year in different cities.

On the twenty-first of June, 1910, Hon. J. W. Brackett, of Phillips, Maine, was promoted by Governor Bert M. Fernald to the position of chairman of the State Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game.

While a Commission of Fisheries and Game had existed in Maine between the years 1867 to 1895 (as appears by the reports of the office), in 1895 two commissions were created, one of Sea and Shore Fisheries, and that of Inland Fisheries and Game.

Of the latter commission, Mr. Brackett will on the first of July, 1910, become the third chairman, succeeding Hon. Leroy T. Carleton, of Winthrop. Mr. Brackett became a member of the commission by the appointment of Governor William T. Cobb, in 1904,

and is therefore well acquainted with the duties of the office. His interest in game and game protection are familiar to the public through the columns of the *Phillips Phonograph* and the *Maine Woods*. It is predicted that the commission will continue to gain in popular esteem during his administration.

From the beginning of its existence, in 1867, the commission has been obliged to deal with hard problems ; popular hostility, and inadequate financial means to carry on its work, inefficient laws, and lack of field force to enforce them have been conspicuous factors. While the condition of the laws has been brought up to a high standard, and the revenues of the department improved, neither the popular sentiment among a large class of people, particularly farmers, nor the executive means to police our large territory, has reached the desired standard.

Mr. Carleton, who has held the chairmanship continuously since 1896, retires from office with the honor of much accomplishment to his credit. He is a man of great force and executive ability, a practical lawyer, unflinching in the discharge of duty as he sees it. He has brought offenders to justice, framed most of the general game laws now in force, brought about the registration of guides, and the non-resident license laws for hunters, the latter being two important sources of revenue to his department. The progress made by his administration will form a distinct period in the history of the commission.

Mr. Blaine S. Viles, of Augusta, was appointed a member of the commission to fill the vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Mr. Brackett. In many respects the work of the commission is in close relation to the work and purposes of the Maine Ornithological Society, and we are glad to commend much in the way of wise accomplishment by this worthy department of state conservation.

Bird Notes.

Notes and observations upon bird life within our State are earnestly desired from all our readers for publication in this column, and should be sent to Louis E. Legge, 22 Dow Street, Portland, Maine.

Four Purple Martins, all males, arrived this forenoon. None were around this morning, but when I went to dinner I found the four calmly sitting on one of my bird houses. This is one of the earliest arrivals in this section of the county that I recall.—*Geo. H. Smith, Presque Isle, Me., April 29, 1910.*

I write to report the capture of a Mallard Duck in fine plumage at Red Beach, Washington County, Me., by Wm. Warnock of that place, Feb. 5th. I am mounting it for him. From the records I have they seem to be quite scarce.—*Howard H. McAdam, St. Stephen, N. B.*

I saw a flock of five Purple Finches Feb. 22nd. Two of them were males. Meadowlarks have appeared in increased numbers. The Loggerhead Shrike, usually common, has failed to appear. The Scarlet Tanager arrived May 18th, on time. The Warblers are a week late. The Northern Yellowthroat has not arrived at the time of this writing.—*D. W. Sweet, Aron, May 20.*

A LATE CAROLINA DOVE.—On January 1st of the present year, Mr. Charles H. Hodsdon, of Pownal, called my attention to a strange bird that for some days had been visiting his farm and feeding with his hens in the yard. For several days the thermometer had been running low, twenty degrees below zero on this particular morning was the report from more than one nearby town, so you can imagine my surprise when I found the bird in question to be a Carolina Dove. It made frequent visits to the farm during each of the two succeeding days. On the morning of January 4th, which was a severely cold day, the Dove was seen on the piazza of a neighboring farmhouse, but was not seen afterward. I think undoubtedly this will prove the latest date for this species in Maine.—*James Carroll Mead.*

YELLOW-THROATED VIREOS.—Mrs. J. F. Wardwell, of Bridgton, reports a pair of Yellow-throated Vireos nesting in a tree on her lawn. June 25th, the young were nearly ready to leave the nest.
—*James Carroll Mead.*

CANADA GEESE MEASUREMENT —On Saturday, April 3, 1910, Mr. Arthur H. Norton and I took advantage of the opportunity to weigh and take some measurements of nine Canada Wild Geese shot that day near Portland. The results were as follows:

Weight.	Wing.	Culmen.	No. Tail Feathers.
$6\frac{3}{4}$	445	53	18
9	480	61	17
$6\frac{1}{2}$	427	56	17
$8\frac{1}{2}$	460	52	18
$8\frac{1}{4}$	470	58	17
$7\frac{3}{4}$	440	55	17
$7\frac{1}{2}$	462	58	16
$5\frac{1}{4}$	425	49	18
$6\frac{3}{4}$	420	51	18

Average weight, $7\frac{1}{8}$ lbs. +; average wing, 448 millimeters; average culmen, 55 millimeters. The sexes were not determined.
—*Jed F. Fanning.*



YOUNG RED-EYED VIREO.

The Journal

of the

Maine Ornithological Society

Published by the Society on the first of March, June, September and December

Vol. XII

SEPTEMBER, 1910

No. 3

How a Baby Vireo Came to Have His Picture Taken.

By CORDELIA J. STANWOOD.

On a pasture hillside, next a stretch of fenced woodland, a spring of clear, cool water bubbles up and forms a rivulet, which runs into the shadows of a swamp at the base of the slope and then slakes the thirst of the fields beyond.

As early in the spring as the buds condescend to shake out their crumpled loveliness, companies of stranger birds camp in the maples, birches and poplars of the hillside, and amid the alders of the swamp. These migrants soon scatter to the neighboring woods, but a few Red-eyed Vireos and Redstarts always remain to build near the spring.

While drawing water here on the sixteenth day of June (1907), I was saluted by such a merry song that I put down my picher, crept through the fence and sat among the dry leaves to listen to the sweet singer, and perchance make his acquaintance. Very soon I was rewarded by catching a glimpse of a Red-eyed Vireo, leisurely singing and feeding among the treetops, as if, to him, life were only joy. Occasionally he descended to the undergrowth

within a few yards of where I sat. Once I saw him seize a worm and kill it by turning lengthwise of a branch and tapping his bill sharply against the bark. Often after this, as I filled my pitcher at the spring, I heard his cheerful strain, "You see it. You know it. Do you hear me? Do you believe it?" Time after time I was inveigled by the witchery of that song to drop my pitcher, crawl through the fence, and wander after him. I hoped to get a peep at his exquisite little domicile. My shoes were scratched, my skirt frayed, and my hair disheveled day after day to no purpose.

It was not until the twentieth of July that I discovered a cup-shaped nest, suspended by silken tapes from a slender maple quite twelve feet above the ground. I suppose as I placed my hand on the sapling I jarred it slightly, for the most beautiful young bird I ever saw peered over the side of his swinging cradle, and then fluttered to my feet. Underneath the little body was as white and soft as newly fallen snow; the crown, back, tail, feet and legs were a soft green grey; the beak grey, with touches of yellow; the eyes black with a white ring around them and a white line over them; the wings mostly green and yellow. When I would have picked up this mite it gave a loud chirp and concealed its head under the nearest big leaf. In a few moments, it was safe in my large loosely woven hat; then I felt free to secure the nest and examine it. It, too, was grey, but duller, about the warm grey color of the maple trunk, and formed a charming contrasted harmony with the green leaves and red stems of the foliage, yet so inconspicuous was it that I almost overlooked it. At a very short distance it might easily have been mistaken for a wasp's nest. The foundation of the dainty structure was woven of strips of birch bark, wasp-paper, and fine bark fibre. It was lined with the same bark fibre, pine needles, and a few hemlock twigs, and the whole felted or pasted together in a most wonderful manner. Here was a cradle for the young at once beautiful, warm, strong and durable.

The other nestlings I suppose had already gone. The parent birds were not in sight. Instantly I conceived the idea of having my prize photographed. The dainty mite evidently hated the thought

of being put back into the nest; he had found legs and wings. When once in the studio, he posed, absolutely still, while the professor photographed him twice. I was decidedly proud of his behaviour. After such ingratiating ways, I found it hard to have to carry him back to his mother and to leave the protesting little bird in that stuffy nest. The baby Vireo tried to be almost as naughty as he knew how, and succeeded very well.

I fastened the swinging cradle in the crotch of the home tree, then withdrew a few yards and hid. Imagine my astonishment when a moment later I saw the young bird hopping along a limb, and looking directly at me. Soon three birds came in answer to the little one's chirps. Each evidently feared it might be one of his own offspring, but tried to look indifferent. The first, an Ovenbird, was most prompt to investigate. He brightened perceptibly, after two or three cautious glances at the little chirper, and called, "*Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher.*" Next appeared the Magnolia Warbler. He also quickly retired, humming, "*Weechee, weechee, weechee.*" But the third, a Red-eyed Vireo, lingered, keeping up a gentle "*Quee! Quee! Quee!*" as if to say, "I don't like the appearance of that big white thing down there in the bushes." I took the hint and went home.

In less than five minutes after I returned the young Vireo to the woods, he was with his mother again. The following day the old bird and the young were flitting together through the trees on the top of the hill.

The Canada Grouse.

By MANLY HARDY.

Though a resident of Maine the Canada Grouse is nowhere abundant and in most parts of the state it is very rare. In traveling over sixty years in the Maine woods I have seen a total of only about fifty birds. Nearly one-third of these I have seen on a space not over six miles square, between the head waters of Passadumkeag and Machias, when visiting it at intervals during some twenty years.

The Canada Grouse is very rarely seen near settlements, one reason for this being that owing to its tameness, or stupidity, nearly all are killed off by the first settlers and no others come in to take their place. There is no doubt but in Maine they are fast decreasing, one reason being that of late years all through the Maine woods sporting camps have been established, which are visited by thousands of so-called sportsmen, who kill everything they see. These regions were formerly visited only by hunters or lumbermen who came mostly in winter.

I have always found the male Canada Grouse greatly in excess of the females, at least two males to one female. Their favorite resorts are low, flat, spruce lands, and I have very rarely seen one on any elevation, and never in hard wood growth. They feed almost entirely upon the leaves, or "needles," of the spruce, fir and juniper, occasionally in summer and fall eating a few berries. Usually they are seen either singly or in twos or threes, although I have heard of quite large flocks being seen. They are the tamest of any bird in our woods. I have stood within six feet of one, and he would raise the red membranes above his eyes and spread his tail, letting me look at him as long as I wished without making any move to escape.

To show how tame they sometimes are, I once camped on an island in an open spot, my tent being in front of a large fir tree, which stood alone in the opening. Just after daylight a beautiful male Canada Grouse came to this tree and began to pick his breakfast of fir needles, being not over fifteen feet from the ground. Our fireplace was only a few feet from the fir and almost directly under where the bird sat. I hewed up some kindlings of very fat pine, and after lighting them the black smoke rose up past him not over two feet away from him, but he continued to walk round on the limbs getting his breakfast while I cooked mine below. He was in no haste and would often stop picking for a while. I should judge that he was there at least half an hour. As it was Sunday we lay in camp all day. I saw him in the forenoon on the ground close to the camp, and while cooking at noon he came to the fir tree again

and got his dinner. It was evident that he had resorted to this tree for food for some time, as so many needles had been picked off that the foliage looked as thin as a juniper's does after the worms have eaten part of the needles. These birds scratch in the leaves and moss a great deal more than the Ruffed Grouse ever does.

All that I know of the nesting habits of the Canada Grouse is that a friend of mine once found two nests about the last of May. They were quite near each other, both under low spruces. The nests were simply hollows in the moss. One nest contained nine eggs; I do not remember how many were in the other.

Personally, I have never seen the Canada Grouse drum. My father has told me of watching one and seeing him drum several times. He stated that the bird flew up into a tree and would start off, drumming on the flight down.

To show that these birds are decreasing, some forty years ago a friend wished some to mount for Mr. Hearst, of Albany, to photograph for a group picture. In the course of the winter one man sent me some twenty-five of the birds fit to mount. Of course more must have been shot, which were spoiled for mounting. I doubt if any one man could collect half that number now. I have one female in my collection which is about one-fourth white.

It seems a pity that anyone should kill such tame and beautiful birds merely for the sport of killing, and they seem doomed to extinction if murdered as they now are by everyone who sees one.

A Yellow-Billed Cuckoo.

By SARA C. EASTMAN.

It was my privilege to spend the third week of July on a large farm about fifteen miles from the city. It is a hillside farm and the lower pasture slopes steeply down to a broad meadow. It is a rough, wet place, for the most part covered with alders, and is the haunt of Woodcock and Partridges. Here and there is an ancient apple tree, all that remains of what was once a large orchard. On

this slope I found sixteen different kinds of birds, among them the Black-billed Cuckoo, which had nested there.

In the late afternoon of the twenty-third day of July I went down the old grass-grown road that skirts the alders in the hope of starting up a Woodcock. When I was well down the slope, I heard the call of a Cuckoo close by, and turning, saw, not more than fifteen feet away, the bird perched on a dead limb of an apple tree which was nearly encircled by the tall alders that had grown up around it. I first saw that there was a yellowish mark about the eyes and that the lower mandible was yellow. Instantly I thought, "This must be a Yellow-billed Cuckoo!" Then I looked at the bird's tail, and there, indeed, were the broad white tips or "thumb marks" on the outer feathers. I could hardly believe in my good fortune, so I looked the bird over carefully again and assured myself that I was not mistaken. Meanwhile the Cuckoo remained on his perch eyeing me, the flicking of his tail showing that he was considering whether or not I was an object to be feared. Apparently he decided that I was not, for he flew to another apple tree near by, still keeping in sight, took a caterpillar from a leaf, ate it leisurely, mounted to the top of the tree, and then dropped into the alders. Two minutes later he flew to another part of the pasture. I followed in the direction that he took, hoping to get another glimpse of the interesting stranger, but I saw him no more. Judging from a single specimen, I should say that the plumage of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo lacks the satin-like smoothness that gives the Black-billed so finished and attractive an appearance. The white markings on the outer tail feathers of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo are very distinct, and no careful observer, having a good view of the bird, could fail to be sure of its identity.

Fish Hawks on the Damariscotta River.

By HENRY H. RICHARDS.

This colony of Fish Hawks was observed by myself and my brother (Prof. R. H. Richards, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology), about 1866 or 1867. It was on the point separating Seal Cove from the main river, and the young birds were about half fledged at the time I saw them. There must have been ten or a dozen nests in the colony, and they were built on top of spruces about thirty feet high, or rather on what had been the third or fourth tier of branches from the top, the "leader" of the trees having been killed by the operations of the birds.

We watched the old birds feeding the young, and were much interested to find that the young were fed promiscuously, with no apparent regard for family ties. We saw as many as four or five different adult birds successively feeding the young of one nest, and the question of which nest should receive the next fish seemed to be determined by the vociferousness of its occupants.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society will be held Friday and Saturday, November 25th and 26th, 1910, in the lecture room of the Portland Society of Natural History, 22 Elm street, Portland, Me. The meeting will open November 25th, at 10.30 A. M., with a business session and exhibition of specimens. At 2.30 P. M., a public session for the reading and discussion of papers, and at 8.00 P. M., a public session devoted to papers illustrated by lantern slides.

During the past year some remarkably rare and interesting birds have been taken, and will form a feature of the Friday morning session. At the same meeting it will be decided whether the time Saturday shall be devoted to an excursion to one of the beaches near by where birds resort, or to exercises in the lecture room.

Migration Reports for 1909.

Arranged by Dana W. Sweet from reports by J. M. Swain,
Farmington, D. W. Sweet, Avon, and W. L. Brown, Bigelow.

	FARMINGTON.	AVON.	BIGELOW.
Pied-billed Grebe,	May 5		
Northern Loon,	" 5	May 9	
Herring Gull,		" 9	
American Merganser,		Apr. 7	
Black Duck,		" 7	
Canada Goose,		Mch. 27	
American Bittern,	" 3	May 9	
Blue Heron,	" 3	Sept. 8	
Green Heron,	" 5		
American Woodcock,	Apr. 12	Apr. 29	
Greater Yellowlegs,	May 9		
Solitary Sandpiper,	" 15	May 16	
Bartramian Sandpiper,	" 17	" 5	
Spotted Sandpiper,	" 10	" 5	
Marsh Hawk,	April 18	" 10	
Sharp-shinned Hawk,		" 9	
Cooper's Hawk,	May 3	" 11	
American Goshawk,		Nov. 22	
Red-tailed Hawk,	" 2	Apr. 7	
Red-shouldered Hawk,	Apr. 5	" 17	
Broad-winged Hawk,	" 25	May 5	
Pigeon Hawk,		Apr. 27	
Sparrow Hawk,	" 12	" 11	Apr. 30
Fish Hawk,		" 28	
Black-billed Cuckoo,		June 5	
Belted Kingfisher,	" 27	Apr. 18	" 27
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker,	" 29	" 7	
Golden-winged Woodpecker,	" 18	" 7	
Whip-poor-will,		May 10	
Nighthawk,		" 21	
Chimney Swift,	May 8	" 9	May 15
Ruby-throated Hummingbird,	" 22	" 30	" 30
Kingbird,	" 10	" 10	June 7
Crested Flycatcher,	" 12	" 17	
Phoebe,	Apr. 5	Apr. 7	Apr. 27
Olive-sided Flycatcher,		May 29	
Pewee,		" 27	
Yellow-bellied Flycatcher,	May 13	June 2	
Alder Flycatcher,		" 4	
Chebec,	" 10	May 9	
Prairie Horned Lark,	Feb. 24	Mch. 12	
Crow,	Mch. 6	" 16	
Bobolink,	May 10	May 16	
Cow Blackbird,	Mch. 29	Apr. 7	" 12
Red-winged Blackbird,	" 29	" 6	
Meadowlark,	Apr. 7	" 7	
Baltimore Oriole,	May 14	May 15	
Rusty Grackle,	Mch. 29	Apr. 6	
Bronzed Grackle,	" 29	" 6	
Purple Finch,	Apr. 5	" 17	" 24
Redpoll,		Nov. 3	" 4
American Goldfinch,		May 16	
Pine Siskin,		" 15	
Snow Bunting,		Oct. 31	

Vesper Sparrow,	Apr. 18	Apr. 7	Apr. 27
Savanna Sparrow,	" 18	" 18	
White-crowned Sparrow,	May 9	May 11	May 15
White-throated Sparrow,	" 2	Oct. 4	
Tree Sparrow,	Apr. 12	Apr. 30	" 1
Chipping Sparrow,	" 25	" 7	
Field Sparrow,	May 5	Nov. 14	
Junco,	Apr. 3	Apr. 23	Apr. 17
Song Sparrow,	Mch. 29	May 8	
Swamp Sparrow,	Apr. 22	Apr. 6	" 8
Fox Sparrow,		" 4	" 12
Rose-breasted Grosbeak,	May 22	May 7	
Indigo Bunting,	" 22	Apr. 15	
Scarlet Tanager,	" 22	May 11	May 30
Purple Martin,	" 2	" 27	
Cliff Swallow,	" 13	" 27	
Barn Swallow,	" 5	" 7	" 11
Tree Swallow,	Apr. 27	" 9	
Bank Swallow,	May 17	Apr. 9	
Cedar Waxwing,		May 12	
Northern Shrike,		June 2	
Loggerhead Shrike,	Apr. 5	Oct. 19	
Red-eyed Vireo,	May 27	Apr. 7	Apr. 7
Philadelphia Vireo,		May 26	
Warbling Vireo,	" 9	" 23	
Solitary Vireo,	" 10	" 19	
Black and White Warbler,	" 7	" 9	
Nashville Warbler,	" 9	" 6	
Northern Parula Warbler,	" 9	" 9	
Yellow Warbler,	" 18	" 9	
Black-throated Blue Warbler,	" 13	" 18	
Myrtle Warbler,	" 11	" 9	
Magnolia Warbler,	" 5	" 5	May 18
Chestnut-sided Warbler,	" 20	" 15	
Bay-breasted Warbler,	" 11	" 11	" 24
Blackpoll Warbler,	" 30	" 29	
Blackburnian Warbler,	" 6	" 26	
Black-throated Green Warbler,	" 22	" 9	" 20
Pine Warbler,	" 5	" 9	
Yellow Palm Warbler,	" 13	Oct. 9	
Ovenbird,	" 10	May 11	
Water-thrush,	" 10	" 9	
Mourning Warbler,	" 10	June 4	
Northern Yellowthroat,	" 10	May 16	
Wilson's Warbler,	" 10	" 31	
Canadian Warbler,	" 24	Sept. 17	
Redstart Warbler,	" 10	May 27	
American Pipit,	" 5	" 16	
Catbird,	" 11	" 5	
Brown Thrasher,	" 9	Sept. 21	
Winter Wren,	Apr. 19	May 13	
Ruby-crowned Kinglet,	May 3	" 16	
Wood Thrush,	" 16	Apr. 16	
Veery Thrush,	" 4	" 23	
Olive-backed Thrush,	Apr. 19	May 21	
Hermit Thrush,	Mch. 28	" 14	
Robin,	" 28	" 27	" 1
Bluebird,	" 28	Apr. 16	Mch. 28
		" 2	Apr. 5

The Journal of the Maine Ornithological Society

A Quarterly Magazine Devoted to the Study and Protection of Birds

Vol. XII

Published September 1, 1910

No. 3

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.00 a year; 25 cents a copy

The Maine Ornithological Society comprises in its membership the leading ornithologists and bird students of Maine. The membership is constantly increasing and the interest in the Society was never greater than now. If you are interested in birds and wish to know more about them, you should by all means send in your name for membership in this Society. The dues are one dollar a year, and payment of this sum entitles each person elected to membership to the JOURNAL, free of charge. Application for membership should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Dana W. Sweet, Phillips, Maine. Mr. Sweet is also the Treasurer and the annual dues should be paid to him. All persons, both young and old, are eligible to membership. It is not necessary for one to be versed in bird lore in order to insure his election to this Society. The larger the membership the more can be done in the way of improving the JOURNAL, and increasing its size. Send in your name without further delay. The Society will be glad to welcome you to its meetings, which are held once a year in different cities.

The fifteenth annual meeting, of which notice is given on another page, is to mark one of the important stages of the society's history: the December number of the JOURNAL will complete the twelfth volume of that publication. The paper first appeared as a twelve-page quarterly, of crude appearance, yet through the aid of appreciative supporters and the efforts of successive editors, it has been placed in excellent standing among the minor ornithological papers of this country. Its financial standing to-day is better than at any time during the past eight years. Yet now, as throughout its history, the JOURNAL is able to secure suitable material to fill its pages only by persistent solicitation on the part of its editors. So marked is the increasing difficulty of procuring material suitable for publication that it has become a question for serious consideration whether or not the JOURNAL should be continued after the present

year. It must be conceded that, so far as the public is concerned, the field of ornithological publications is amply filled, and a multiplicity of publications is a disadvantage to the investigator. On the other hand, there may be numerous and excellent reasons for continuing one more popular ornithological publication. The question should, at any rate, be put fairly to subscribers and members alike, inviting consideration and expressions of opinion. It is especially desired that a large attendance of members participate in the consideration of this question at the annual meeting, and, if it is deemed wise to continue its publication, to determine further whether any changes of policy or form are desirable.

The fifth International Ornithological Congress, which assembled May 30, at Berlin, Germany, was divided into five sections, section four being devoted to Bird Protection. Over two hundred delegates were in attendance at the congress. Mr. Wm. Dutcher, the American delegate, says in *Bird-Lore*, July-August, 1910: "There was a very strong and unanimous sentiment in the congress that drastic action should be taken at once, in all parts of the world, to prevent the further use of the plumage of wild birds for millinery ornaments. It was shown conclusively that the live bird was necessary as an aid to agriculture and forestry, and also for the health and comfort of mankind. It is also shown that many species of wild birds are dangerously near extermination." The section selected a permanent International Committee for Bird Protection, with members from Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Russia, Sweden, and the United States, Mr. Wm. Dutcher and Dr. Theo. S. Palmer representing the last country.

It will doubtless be of interest to readers of the JOURNAL, and particularly librarians, to know that the work of indexing the twelve volumes of the JOURNAL is under way and will be submitted to the society at an early time, possibly at the annual meeting.

Recreation for September contains a valuable article by Edward Cane, entitled Our New Game Birds. It presents views of the large sums expended in various efforts during the past thirty years to introduce foreign game birds (not the beginning of these attempts), the methods of introduction, and of destruction, and the systems pursued by two typical states.

Recent Literature.

*NOTES ON NEW ENGLAND BIRDS, BY HENRY D. THOREAU. —“Scattered through fourteen volumes of Thoreau's journals,” says the editor, “are many interesting notes on the natural history of New England, and a large proportion of these relate to birds.” And further, “it will perhaps be a matter of surprise to many readers to learn how much Thoreau wrote upon this one branch of natural history, and how many species of birds he found something to say about that was worth the saying. Thoreau was seldom dull, even in mere records of commonplace facts, and the reader of this book, though he may be well acquainted with the author's picturesque style, can hardly fail to be impressed anew with his power to convey a vivid and interesting picture in a few words.”

The truth of this is amply borne out in the ensuing four hundred and forty-one pages, grouped into twenty-three chapters, each chapter dealing with certain groups of birds: For example, chapter I, Diving Birds; Chapter III, Ducks and Geese; Chapter XX, Creepers, Nuthatches, Tits and Kinglets; XXII, General and Miscellaneous; XXIII, Domestic Birds. The chapters are arranged with reference to the current system of classification of North American birds, and each species is taken up in the same order, while the notes relating to it are treated chronologically.

In a hasty survey of the pages none but well-known birds are noticed, nevertheless, at any point the reader may open the book, he finds fascinating records of observations, described with telling simplicity and clearness, and when words fail to emphasize the points of interest, rough off-hand sketches are brought to bear.

This book occupies a unique position in the ornithological literature of this country. It is the product of the man of leisure and of an independent point of view; the disciple of no school, nor

*Arranged and edited by Francis H. Allen, with illustrations from photographs of birds in nature. \$1.75 net. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Pages v-ix, 1-441, with map of Concord region and index thereto, appendix of index to passages relating to birds in Thoreau's works exclusive of the journal, pages 443-445 and general index.

the advocate of any new one. It is entertaining and refreshing, a book for the camp and the fireside, and undoubtedly one of those to remain in the field. The editor has made not ornithologists alone, but a much wider circle of people, his debtor.

COMPARATIVE LEGISLATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS, BY HOLTE MACPHERSON.—The Gold Medal Essay of the Royal Society, for the protection of birds. Landon; 23 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster; price, 1 shilling net; postage, twopence extra.

A pamphlet of fifty pages, with sixteen pages from the essay by Lt.-Colonel Momber, presents a comparative summary of the protective measures of European countries and of the United States, necessarily in a very condensed form. The importance of the paper is best presented in the author's introductory chapter, in the following passage: "At present the best that can be done is to observe and collect facts, and to watch the character and effect of the legislation for the protection of birds in other lands in the hope of being able to build a surer foundation for future legislation in our own country."

DIRECTORY OF OFFICIALS AND ORGANIZATIONS CONCERNED WITH THE PROTECTION OF GAME, 1910.—Circular No. 74, U. S. Biological Survey.

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA FOR 1910.—Poster No. 21, U. S. Biological Survey.

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA, 1910.—Poster No. 22, U. S. Biological Survey.

GAME LAWS FOR 1910.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 418, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

ONTARIO NATURAL SCIENCE BULLETIN, No. 6, 1910.

CONDOR, July-August, 1910, Vol. XII, No. 4.

GUIDE TO NATURE, July, 1910, Vol. III, No. 3.

Bird Notes.

Notes and observations upon bird life within our State are earnestly desired from all our readers for publication in this column, and should be sent to Louis E. Legge, 22 Dow Street, Portland, Maine.

THE GREEN BLACK-CAPPED WARBLER IN ELLSWORTH, ME.—In 1907, May 25th, I saw one Green Black-capped Warbler feeding in yellow willow catkins in a temporary swamp in the field of a deserted farm. It was one of those rare days when the trees were alive with Warblers, a year the Scarlet Tanager and the Cat-bird saw fit to visit us, and two families, at least, of House Wrens dwelt among us. July 9, 1910, when returning from a swamp where the Redstart was incubating four eggs, I noted the “*chch*” and “*suii*” of what at first I supposed was the Redstarts. The alders, black alders, white birches, meadow sweet and numerous other bushes formed such a jungle I could not see far around me, but soon I discerned not only a pair of Redstarts escorting me with calls, but also a pair of Green Black-capped Warblers. They were extremely nervous and jerked the tail much after the manner of the Yellow Palm Warbler. The female wore a cap, but it was not quite so dark as that of the male, a bit grayer. The female had a long green worm in her beak which she was very anxious to give to young birds. I looked for the nest but could find none. I suspected from the beginning that they were with young birds lately out of the nest, but could not be sure.—*Cordelia J. Stanwood, Ellsworth, Me., July 11, 1910.*

HERMIT THRUSH NESTING IN AUGUST.—On August 7th I was taking a tramp through the woods near Northport, Me. In an extensive second-growth of mingled birches, beeches, ash and evergreens, on a hillside, yet near swampy ground, I suddenly flushed a Hermit Thrush, which flew up almost from under my feet. Sure enough, there was the nest on the ground by a mossy hummock at the foot of a low bush, a neatly woven nest of grasses and fine rootlets, containing three plain greenish-blue eggs. The mother remained near, hopping from twig to twig, plainly nervous, but uttering no

word. After a good look at her and her nest, I relieved her anxiety by passing on. Eggs at so late a date as this would seem to indicate a second brood.—*Bertha L. Brown, Bangor, Me.*

PHALAROPES ON BELGRADE GREAT POND.—In late August, 1903, a number of Phalaropes appeared on Belgrade Great Pond, at the same time with some Gulls, and seemed to associate with them. I observed a flock of seven Phalaropes, if my memory serves me, associated with the Gulls, and three or four isolated individuals. They staid three or four days and were seen often during that time.—*Henry H. Richards, Gardiner, Me.*

THE PRAIRIE HORNED LARK AND THE MEADOW LARK AT PITTSFIELD, MAINE, IN SUMMER.—June 29, 1910, while at work on my potato land, I saw three Prairie Horned Larks. I have known the Horned Larks since 1892 (as my notes show), but never have known of their being here at this season of the year. A pair of Meadow Larks are nesting in my fields this year. And I am sure there are several other pairs to be found in this neighborhood.—*H. H. Johnson, Pittsfield, Me.*

THE WINTER WREN IN ELLSWORTH, ME.—October 6, 1908, I saw the Winter Wren creeping mouse-like along a hollow cedar fence pole by the street. The bit of primeval forest skirted by this fence in its recesses harbors the Winter Wren while it remains here. May 11, 1910, I heard its martial song for the first time. After that I spent days listening to its song and that of the other denizens of this remote, mossy woodland. To-day, July 11th, I had an opportunity to visit its haunts again. The woods resounded with its liquid fife-like melody. Thus it is now common here and in full song. I felt sure that the bird nested here, but had no proof of the fact heretofore.—*Cordelia J. Stanwood, Ellsworth, Me., July 11, 1910.*

MEADOW LARK'S NEST ON INTERVALE AT FARMINGTON, ME.—Sunday afternoon, July 10, 1910, while out with my friend,

E. H. Knapp, looking for birds, we were driven by a shower to shelter under a shed near our depot. Sitting on top of the Sandy River cars we could overlook the intervalle and we soon became interested in the antics of a pair of Meadow Larks, which to all appearance were feeding young, flying out on to a piece of ground where the grass was mown and catching insects, then returning to the location of the nest. After the shower, we having marked the place where we thought the nest was, we went down on the intervalle, and I, standing on the edge of a strip of grass which had not been mown, directed Mr. Knapp as to where he should go. The nest he found was about five rods from where I stood. I went up and looked at it. The nest contained no young, but had one egg which had not hatched, which the female had, no doubt, been trying to hatch, but was no good. The nest was as large as a two-quart dipper, arched over at the top like a dipper, stood upon its side, mouth toward you. There was an arched path two feet long to the nest, also a place a foot square near nest where the grass had been tramped down by the alighting of either the male as he brought food to the female, or by both birds. To find a nest it wants two persons. First locate the nest as nearly as possible; let one person go and try and find it, being directed by the second person as to how far right or left to go. If this plan was carried out I think more Lark's nests would be found. The Meadow Larks have been very common here this summer, more so than usual.—*H. W. Jewell.*

SOMETHING INTERESTING ABOUT A NIGHTHAWK.—I saw a Nighthawk sitting on the branch of an elm tree near a creek one night. The bird uttered its cry about six times while sitting on the limb of the tree. After doing this the bird flew away into the air, being gone only a short time, returning to the same place from whence it started. These notes were uttered six times three different times, sometimes before flying.—*H. W. Jewell.*

DOVES NESTING IN TREES.—Several pairs of Doves (domesticated) have raised broods in nests built in maple shade trees here at Farmington, Me., several seasons.—*H. W. Jewell.*

The Journal

of the

Maine Ornithological Society

Published by the Society on the first of March, June, September and December

Vol. XII

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 4

The Black and White Warbler.

By CORDELIA J. STANWOOD.

"*Sis-wee, sis-wee, sis-wee, sis-wee.*" A thin, high, wiry song announces the fact that the Black and White Warbler has returned to the Northern woods and resumed its attacks upon our insect foes. This inconspicuous bird is among the early Warbler arrivals, coming about the middle of May from Florida and as far away as Central and South America.

Following the sound, I see a black and white striped bird that calls *dtz*, or *dtz-dtz-dtz*, as it moves up the trunk or along the branches, vibrating its tail from right to left, its head from left to right. It has the peculiar appearance of swinging partly around as it creeps rapidly forward, looking carefully over each side of the branch. Sometimes it hangs from the lower side of the limb, while it picks off insects or larvæ. After a brief survey of one tree, it flits to another, instead of searching over an entire tree.

This Warbler, appropriately, because of its black and white markings, frequents mostly gray and white birches, although it is to be found on all trees. It explores the bark, trunk, limbs, buds

and leaves for food and even descends to the ground to vary its diet.

Though I have seen the Black and White Warbler in the apple tree on the lawn, it is more at home in a remote woodland, a second growth of either mixed or deciduous trees. It is common during the spring and fall migrations and while feeding the young. At other times, I seldom see it.

It has two song periods. In the early spring I have learned to look for the *sis-wee, sis-wee, sis-wee, sis-wee* song. June 9, 1908, I heard the bird's full repertoire for the first and only time. The bird sang, apparently from pure enjoyment, perched on a dead branch of a yellow birch, in a lone bit of young, mixed growth on a hillside above a swamp. In order to see the bird, I had to make my way across a dry brush heap and over a mass of dead bracken and leaves. With my attention divided between my efforts to move quietly and my attempts to record the bird's song, I succeeded in taking down but two, but it sang a number of others. Having heard but the *sis-wee* song, I was surprised to find the modest black and white bird such an accomplished musician. The following are the two songs I succeeded in jotting down in my note-book. *See-zee, see-zee, see-zee, see-zee, y, see-zee, see-zee, see-zee, see-zee.* The latter part of this song was accelerated sometimes, so as to produce almost a single sound. It was much more musical than the first part. The effect of the whole was wild and charming. The other song, *see-zee, see-zee, see-zee, see-zee*, was but the first part of the long song, and probably but another rendering of the arrival song. After this I heard the long song many times in the same locality. About June 29th, for a few days, a bird in the vicinity of the house, in full voice, repeated the song many times.

In 1909, the second period of song occurred later. July 2nd, as I walked through this same growth, many Black and White Warblers that were carrying food to young lately out of the nest, scolded me. The same day, a bird on the wing sang the long song. On the 10th and 19th of the month, the bird was still in full song,

and attracted my attention by its brilliant rendering of the double song.

June 13th, 1908, while walking through an open growth of virgin gray birch, on a hillside above a swale, I flushed a Black and White Warbler. A careful search revealed the nest among the roots of a clump of gray birches; the tree trunks, curving out from the roots, afforded the protection of a roof. The bird flew up into a tree calling *sptz! sptz! sptz! sptz!* The sound resembled the noise made by a drop of syrup sputtering on a hot stove. There were four cream-white eggs in the nest, much larger than most Warbler eggs, wreathed with reddish-brown dots about the larger end. The entrance to the nest was small, the cavity so shaded I could see the eggs with difficulty.

The following day I went to the nest quietly. It was some time before I could place it again, it was so well concealed. The bird remained motionless. It took considerable effort on my part to compel the lady to vacate. She finally darted away, about a yard beyond me, then spread wings and tail and with open beak ran towards me. The spread wings and tail formed the base of an acute triangle, the pointed beak, the apex. The intense black and white stripes running from the very slender, pointed beak, the open beak, the snapping eyes, the fearless demeanor, gave the little creature an almost venomous appearance as she rushed towards me, hissing angrily.

Eight days later, June 21st, when the young were breaking from the shell, she repeated the scene.

On the fourth day the eyes of the young were partly open. The birds were very dark brown.

The morning of the ninth day, the nestlings being eight days old, the *te-tee-te-tee-te-tee* of young birds filled the woods. The nest was empty, but the old birds came and scolded me roundly when I attempted to take the nest. (I have never known the birds to linger around a nest that has been despoiled of young.) It was made of dead leaves, mostly skeletonized, lined with inner bark fibre, pine needles, and the hair of an animal, I think the raccoon.

June 17th, 1908, on my way to the Boiling Spring, not far from the bars, on the hillside above a swale, in a growth mostly evergreen but sparsely interspersed with gray birches, I came upon a Black and White Warbler with a caterpillar in her beak, calling as if to young. I waited a few minutes. The bird went to her nest, close by the footway, fed five young birds and carried away the excrement. The birds were very dark gray, nearly black, with yellow beaks, the point having already turned gray. On the wings was a little white. I judged the nestlings were about six days old.

Two days later, when I visited the birds, the mother crouched on the ground outside the nest facing the young. I made so much noise crawling under the branches, I was startled to see the bird, but she trusted to her coloration, and remained immovable. I was about five feet from the nest. I counted sixty slowly more than twenty times. During that period the female removed excrement from the nest on three occasions. I was unable to decipher her act for some time; it was performed so rapidly, it was well-nigh invisible. Slowly I understood. She seized the excrement from the restless nestling and tossed it away with a movement so quick and dexterous it was all but imperceptible. Then I crept to within two feet of the nest. The bird flew over my head and settled behind me, spread wings and tail and trailed around me with open beak, emitting the hissing sound. After awhile she flew to a tree, calling a metallic *sint! sint! sint!* The mate who was near called *sptz! sptz! sptz!*

Waiting another two days, I visited the nest again. The young were beginning to resemble the old birds. The female was just leaving the nest and the male coming with food. There was considerable excitement among the old birds, but I bided my time, very still, some distance away, but in full sight. The male finally fed the nestlings.

The following morning, two of the nestlings were out of the nest. I took up the largest of the remaining three to see its markings and the rest fled. The mother stopped her chipping and with outspread wings and tail, and open beak, flew at the outspread

skirt of my dress several times as if to jab it with her beak, uttering a fierce hiss for so small a creature. She really looked almost fearsome—a perfect little fury. She kept between me and the young birds while the father tolled them to a place of safety. At one moment she ran at me hissing; the next simulated the helplessness of a young bird calling for succor, *chch-ch-ch-ch*, or *wiet-et-et-et*. I changed my position to a spot near one of the young birds. The male immediately took the part of a helpless young bird, while the female instantly began to draw the flock across the path into another wood.

Twenty-four hours later the parent birds were feeding the young in the trees. The male bird had charge of a young bird he was teaching to fly. Both young and old birds called *te-tee-te-tee-te-tee*, constantly. The old birds had assumed the notes of the young, immature birds.

The young birds were similar to the old birds, black and white, the black slightly brownish, the white a bit yellowish or dirty looking. The breast was speckled with black, the rest of the under parts white.

The nest was built in a depression full of leaves, behind a flat rock. The gray birch leaves were held in place by a fir branch. Under this branch in the midst of the leaves, the birds had hollowed a space for a deeply cupped nest. The cavity was shaped on a slant, the upper wall forming a partial roof. The nest was a mass of leaves, with an interlining of pine needles; the lining proper consisted of horsehair. There was not much horsehair on the side that formed the roof. It looked not unlike a small-sized nest of an Oven-bird. On the inside, the length was $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, depth 2 inches. On the outside, length $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, depth $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Thickness of wall at the top of nest, 1 inch; at the bottom, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. (These measurements were taken after the young left the nest.)

The last migrating Black and White Warblers in 1908 passed southward on the 13th of September. In 1909, I saw the Black and White Warbler migrating Sept. 19th, in a company of Blue-headed

Vireos, Northern Yellowthroats, Black-throated Blue Warblers, Black-throated Green Warblers, Myrtle, Magnolia Warblers and Redstarts.

It is among the earliest of the migrating Warblers, the first of them appearing in the Gulf States in the early part of July.

1906.

May 20. First seen.

1907.

May 12. First seen. June 29. Bird carrying large white grub to young.

1908.

May 16. First seen. June 13. Four eggs, bird incubating.

June 17. Five birds about six days old.

June 29. Bird in full song.

Aug. 27-Sept. 13. Migrating.

1909.

May 13. First seen.

July 2. Feeding young lately out of nest.

July 19. In full song.

Sept. 19. Migrating.

The Passenger or Wild Pigeon.

By SAMUEL L. BOARDMAN.

The article on the Wild or Passenger Pigeon, by James Carroll Mead, in the JOURNAL OF THE MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY for March, is exceedingly interesting and furnishes a distinct contribution to the fact of their former presence in this state. The article also serves to call attention to the many letters that have appeared in leading newspapers of the country regarding the appearance of the Passenger Pigeon in Western and Southern states, and the causes of their disappearance from the East, which I have not seen mentioned in the JOURNAL. These several articles also show the great interest in the general subject of bird life, manifested by readers of, and contributors to, the great journals of the country,

rather than to the narrower fields of the strictly ornithological publications.

It will be recalled that early in the year The American Ornithologists' Union, in order to save the Pigeons from extermination, offered the prize of a heretofore unheard of sum for the discovery of "one nesting pair" of the Wild Passenger Pigeon. This offer brought out many articles giving much satisfactory and desired information. As early as June 4th, 1910, a letter in the *New York Tribune* predicted the impossibility of the preservation of this bird in the East, in its former numbers, as in the earlier half of the last century. The fact of their leaving the East in the forties was attributed to their persecution and destruction and to the disappearance of the old oak woods, the acorns of which, with wheat, were the staples of their food on their deliberate transit south in September. It is also well known that the culture of wheat in the East, especially in this state, was abandoned early in the forties on account of the presence of the so-called weevil (midge), and at that time our dependence for flour was upon the wheat fields of the Genessee Valley in New York, from which we in Maine had the famous "round hoop" flour of that section.

Following the above named article, Mr. J. A. Watson, of Chicago, under date of July 8th, 1910, sent a letter to the *New York Tribune*, in which he stated that the Pigeons are safe in Argentina, South America, in numbers as large as at the East in the long ago; and that they have there abandoned their migratory habits and have become permanent residents. Mr. E. DuBois, of Bluffton, S. C., in an article in the same journal, said that the Wild or Passenger Pigeon left the East in the early forties, explaining that by "the East" he meant the New England States and eastern New York, or to the Hudson River. Mr. DuBois says that while the failure of the wheat crop in the East may have been a factor in their leaving this section, he is sure the loss of the white oak acorn is the cause of the immigration of the Pigeon south in September, as he has "seen too many Pigeons shot with acorns in their crops" to be mistaken in this particular. This statement is further confirmed by Mr. DuBois

in an article in the *New York Tribune* of August 30th, 1910.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Mead did not give the exact date of the extracts from his note-book regarding the appearance of the Pigeon, which he has incorporated in his interesting article, as dates are of great importance in the discussion of this question. In the first part of this article he gives the date of 1877 as being that on which he "saw eight or ten pigeons" in North Bridgton; but later says, could he have realized "twenty-five years ago" that the species would so soon have become extinct, he would have been more particular about dates. Of course 1877 was thirty-three years ago, or eight years more than twenty-five.

I would like to add my early recollections of the Passenger Pigeon in Maine. My father moved from Bloomfield to South Norridgewock, March 30th, 1846. At that time and for a year or two later, our next neighbor, Heber Wheeler, a very prosperous farmer who owned a large farm on the West Waterville road at the south part of the plains near where the fair ground or trotting course now is, made a regular practice of trapping pigeons in large numbers, which I remember very well. He would clear a place on his fields, moving it from time to time, and throwing wheat upon it as a bait to the pigeons, after he had spread a large net over the cleared spot. Near the Pigeon field a small house or shelter was erected, to which a line extended from the net and into which Mr. Wheeler would secrete himself and be ready for a "throw" of the net when it was full, and around which the Pigeons would gather in countless numbers. It was current talk in the neighborhood, whenever the people would see this, "that Mrs. Wheeler was to have a Pigeon pie", for she was a beautiful woman, a fine entertainer and a good cook and her Pigeon pies became famous in that part of the town. Mr. Wheeler had a large family, but the children left the place after the death of their parents. Two boys became leading and wealthy merchants in Boston; two children are residents in California, one daughter is the wife of Mr. H. E. Eaton, founder of the celebrated Eaton school in Norridgewock, and one son died a year ago while on a visit to a sister in California.

Fall Migration Reports for 1909.

The following reports, giving the dates of departure of birds for the year 1909, were made by the following members at their respective stations: Dana Sweet, Avon, Franklin Co.; Edward Pope, Manchester, Kennebec Co.; Everett Johnson, Hebron, Oxford Co.; Sara Eastman, Portland, Cumberland Co.

	AVON. MANC'TER. HEBRON. PORTLAND.			
Common Tern,				Oct. 16
American Merganser,	Oct. 9			
Blue Heron,	Sept. 8			
Woodcock,				" 7
Pectoral Sandpiper,				" 2
Bartramian Sandpiper,		Aug. 13		
Solitary Sandpiper,	May 20		Sept. 13	
Spotted Sandpiper,	Sept. 9			July 29
Marsh Hawk,	Aug. 13		" 16	
Sharp-shinned Hawk,	Sept. 30		" 18	
Cooper's Hawk,				
American Goshawk,	Nov. 22			
Red-shouldered Hawk,				Sept. 12
Pigeon Hawk,				Oct. 2
Black-billed Cuckoo,	Aug. 14	Sept. 7	Aug. 15	
Belted Kingfisher,	Oct. 5		Sept. 20	" 2
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker,	" 14		Oct. 13	" 9
Golden-winged Woodpecker,	" 19	" 27	Sept. 18	" 9
Whip-poor-will,	Sept. 6	" 14	July 24	
Nighthawk,	" 7	" 6	Sept. 2	
Chimney Swift,	" 4	" 4	Aug. 28	
Ruby-throated Humming Bird,	" 8	" 18	" 31	Sept. 11
Kingbird,	" 14	" 3	Sept. 1	
Crested Flycatcher,	July 24			
Phoebe,	Oct. 3		" 18	" 26
Pewee,	Sept. 17			
Chebec,	Aug. 10		June 23	
Crow,	Nov. 13		Dec. 24	
Bobolink,	Aug. 28	" 3	July 23	
Cowbird,		" 17		
Red-winged Blackbird,			Oct. 9	
Meadowlark,		Oct. 12		
Baltimore Oriole,		Sept. 1	July 13	
Rusty Grackle,	Apr. 6			Oct. 1
Pine Grosbeak,	Mch. 1		Mch. 3	
Purple Finch,	Dec. 9		June 23	
Redpoll,	May 8		Jan. 11	
American Goldfinch,	Dec. 7		Sept. 20	" 1
Snow Bunting,			Feb. 3	
Vesper Sparrow,	Oct. 14		Nov. 15	" 2
Savanna Sparrow,	" 3			" 9
White-crowned Sparrow,	{ May 20			
White-throated Sparrow,	{ Oct. 4			
	" 19		Sept. 18	" 29

Tree Sparrow,	{ May 9		Apr. 21	
	{ Nov. 14			
Chipping Sparrow,	Oct. 21			Oct. 10
Field Sparrow,	Sept. 30			
Junco,	{		May 7	
	{ Dec. 7		Nov. 15	" 29
Song Sparrow,	Oct. 28			Nov. 6
Swamp Sparrow,	" 25			
Fox Sparrow,	May 7		Apr. 21	
Rose-breasted Grosbeak,	Aug. 20			
Indigo Bunting,	Oct. 4			
Scarlet Tanager,	Aug. 6			
Purple Martin,	" 14			
Cliff Swallow,	" 28	Aug. 28		
Barn Swallow,	Sept. 8	Sept. 8	Sept. 2	
Tree Swallow,	July 17		June 26	
Bank Swallow,	" 22			
Cedar Waxwing,	Sept. 25	Oct. 2		Oct. 10
Red-eyed Vireo,	" 30		Aug. 5	
Warbling Vireo,	" 17			
Solitary Vireo,	Oct. 3			
Black and White Warbler,	Sept. 17		" 18	
Nashville Warbler,	" 19		Sept. 13	
Northern Parula Warbler,	" 19			
Black-throated Blue Warbler,	" 9			
Myrtle Warbler,	Oct. 18		Oct. 12	
Magnolia Warbler,	Sept. 19			Dec. 11
Bay-breasted Warbler,	{ May 31			
	{ Sept. 17			
Blackpoll Warbler,	June 5			Oct. 2
Blackburnian Warbler,	Sept. 4			
Black-throated Green Warbler,	" 19			
Yellow Palm Warbler,	{		May 10	
	{ Oct. 9		Oct. 12	
Ovenbird,	Sept. 19			
Northern Water Thrush,				Sept. 15
Mourning Warbler,	July 10			
Northern Yellowthroat,	Sept. 30		Sept. 17	
Wilson Warbler,	{ May 31		June 2	
	{ Sept. 17			
Canadian Warbler,	Aug. 22			
Redstart Warbler,	Sept. 4		Aug. 22	
American Pipit,	{ May 12			
	{ Oct. 17			
Catbird,	Sept. 22	Aug. 12		Oct. 9
Brown Thrasher,			" 5	July 31
Winter Wren,	Oct. 16			
Ruby-crowned Kinglet,	{ May 9			
	{ Oct. 25			Oct. 10
Veery Thrush,	Sept. 3			Sept. 18
Olive-backed Thrush,	" 11			
Hermit Thrush,	Oct. 25		" 6	Oct. 29
Robin,	Dec. 2	Nov. 21	Nov. 15	" 29
Bluebird,	Oct. 27	Oct. 1	Oct. 14	" 9

The Journal

of the

Maine Ornithological Society

A Quarterly Magazine Devoted to the Study and Protection of Birds

Vol. XII

Published December 1, 1910

No. 4

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.00 a year; 25 cents a copy

The Maine Ornithological Society comprises in its membership the leading ornithologists and bird students of Maine. The membership is constantly increasing and the interest in the Society was never greater than now. If you are interested in birds and wish to know more about them you should by all means send in your name for membership in this Society. The dues are one dollar a year, and payment of this sum entitles each person elected to membership to the JOURNAL free of charge. Application for membership should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Dana W. Sweet, Phillips, Maine. Mr. Sweet is also the Treasurer and the annual dues should be paid to him. All persons, both young and old, are eligible to membership. It is not necessary for one to be versed in bird lore in order to insure his election to this Society. The larger the membership the more can be done in the way of improving the JOURNAL and increasing its size. Send in your name without further delay. The Society will be glad to welcome you to its meetings, which are held once a year in different cities.

In presenting on an earlier page an article on the Passenger Pigeon, the editors feel called upon to offer this comment.

While the views severally set forth as explanations of the disappearance of the birds are of course understood to be forms of popular speculation, having no basis in fact, they are presented as *quoted* by the esteemed contributor of the paper, as it seems a part of the duty of ornithological literature to record the prevailing views which have a bearing, for good or for ill, on real problems of the times. It might be added, however, that, "where the Pigeons *did* go,"* is most vividly told in an article by F. E. S., in 1894, in the *Forest and Stream*, volume 43, pages 28, 29 and 50.

*Consultation of Dabbene's *Ornitologia Argentina* shows that this bird has not been known to occur in Argentina or adjacent territory, not even as a straggler.

The article is entitled "Netting Wild Pigeons," and while it presents facts of value in the natural history of the bird, one experiences in reading it the thrill which belongs with the reading of the French revolution, or the massacres attendant upon our past Indian wars.

But what we wish to consider in this comment is that phantom which roams the minds of well meaning men interested in birds, and honest sportsmen. It is that notion that birds or other animals, upon experiencing a degree of danger, inconvenience, or persecution, philosophically accept the situation and suddenly change their habits, routes of migration, or abode. It attributes to them a degree of reason found only in the animal heroes of an entertaining class of literature recently in evidence and now on the wane.

The present period is a critical one in the history of various species of birds. Drastic measures alone can save some species from sharing the fate of the Great Auk, the Labrador Duck and the Passenger Pigeon. Fortunately the army of those awake to the situation is not now small, and is growing, but one of the most subtle dangers which the leaders in this protective movement must overcome is this *phantom* of philosophical acceptance, and cheerful resignation of the persecuted birds. Migratory routes and geographical distribution are so firmly fixed as a part of the hereditary training of birds, that their origins are associated with conditions belonging to past geological ages, and still they are followed out faithfully by present generations of birds.

In discussing the decrease of various birds, a common reply is "There are just as many birds as ever there were, but they go a different way". Let us repeat that this is a real danger, calculated to arrest progress in the work of preservation. Fortunately the data for its overthrow is abundant. Yet a skilled hand is necessary to place it before the public.

The autumn meeting of the New England Federation of Natural History Societies was held at Fall River, Mass., Friday and Saturday, September 23rd and 24th, at the usual meeting place

of the Fall River Society of Natural History, in the Young Men's Christian Association building. The local arrangements were made by Mr. Norman S. Easton, Mr. Walter I. Nichols, Mr. S. N. F. Sanford, Mrs. B. J. Handy and other members of the Fall River Society, and there was a large exhibition of the plants, animals and minerals of the neighborhood. The attendance was unusually large, probably five hundred persons visiting the rooms during the two days of the meeting. Members of societies in other cities attended, from Providence in considerable numbers, and from Newport, Taunton, Marlboro, Worcester and Boston. Mr. A. C. Bent showed his collection of birds, including many large series of skins showing variations, and a large collection of photographs of birds, nests and eggs. Afterwards the party went to the rooms of the Bristol County Academy of Science, in the old Taunton Academy Building, where tea was served. The Academy has lately occupied these rooms. A good local collection of birds and mammals is mounted in glass cases and a large collection of minerals is being arranged.

Recent Literature.

*DABBENE'S ORNITOLOGIA ARGENTINA.—This important and voluminous work, according to its special title page, is calculated to serve as a systematic and descriptive catalogue of the birds of the Argentine Republic and adjacent parts of Brazil, Paraguay, Bolivia and Chili, together with the islands of adjacent parts of South America and the Antarctic circle. The first two parts now published consist of five hundred and thirteen large 8vo. pages and a large folding geographical map. The brief introduction is followed by a short sketch of ornithological exploration in Argentina.

Part one, or pages 11 to 167, is devoted to a consideration of the anatomical characters used in classification of birds. These are arranged as the Integument (which includes pterylography), Osteology, Myology, the Syrinx, Carotids, and Digestive Canal. This part closes with a section called *Caracteres biológicas*, which deals briefly with philosophical ornithology, and a bibliography of part one. The bibliography is arranged under headings corresponding to those of the previous part. Here we find the sources which have contributed to the foregoing part.

Part two (pages 169-406) deals with the geographical distribution of birds in Argentine territory. Here the subject is discussed and the region is divided into five faunæ, designated by numbers, as "Primera zona, Segunda zona", etc. The entire avifauna is then taken up, in tabular form, and all the numerous families, the genera, and species are shown, each species being entered in the tables (pages 184-405) under each and all of the faunæ in which it occurs, and by a legend of characters the nature of the occurrence of each species in each fauna is shown, whether migrant, resident, straggler, or what not. Those who advocate a reform in the recognition of too many families among birds, as compared with other classes, will here find ample ground for criticism.

*Anales del Museo Nacional de Buenos Aires, Serie iii, Tomo xi: Buenos Aires, 1910.

The second part practically ends here, though there is appended over thirty-three pages of Addenda and Corrigenda. A list of the principal localities in which the collections serving as a basis for the work were made, a bibliography, a systematic index, an index of orders, families, genera species and sub-species, including synonyms, and an alphabetical list of the authors, naturalists, travelers, collectors and others cited in the work.

The author will be found to be walking in well-worn paths. Thus the subject of the world's geographical distribution has been treated in several monographic volumes. It is to be earnestly hoped that Mr. Dabbene may not neglect his opportunity to devote the same amount of space he has given the latter subject to that of migration, a field in which through original research he may illuminate the annals of the general subject, through an extensive study of the phenomena attendant upon the migrations in that section, and their extent both in time and in space. The work must take its place among the hand-books of the birds of the world, and undoubtedly will fill the place of an ornithological text-book, a department of zoological literature by no means crowded.

*TRAFTON'S METHODS OF ATTRACTING BIRDS.—This is a handy little volume of one hundred and seventy-one pages containing thirty-nine illustrations, both photograph and sketches pertinent to the subject of the book. The chapters deal with: I. The Need and Value of Attracting Birds; II. Nesting-Houses; III. Attracting Winter Birds; IV. Drinking and Bathing Fountains; V; Planting Trees, Shrubs, Vines; VI. Birds—Protection in Schools VII. Bird-Photography, an Appendix telling whose publications or information had been used.

"The importance of attracting birds around our homes," says Mr. Trafton, "was first impressed upon the author through his experience with children in connection with the work in nature study

*Methods of Attracting Birds, by Gilbert H. Trafton, Supervisor of Nature Study, Passaic, N. J. (with illustrations). Published under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Society. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910. \$1.25 net.

in the public schools. This was encouraged chiefly from the child's standpoint, on account of the educative value of this kind of work on the child. Furthermore, from the standpoint of the birds, this means of encouraging and protecting them is a very efficient one, which may be applied by all bird lovers, adults as well as children.

Hence this book has been written from two viewpoints, that of the birds, and that of human beings; for the protection of the former, and pleasure of the latter. The book abounds in suggestions and contains numerous records of value as contributions to natural history.

Bird Notes.

Notes and observations upon bird life within our State are earnestly desired from all our readers for publication in this column, and should be sent to Louis E. Legge, 22 Dow Street, Portland, Maine.

THE CHICKADEE AN ENEMY OF THE POLYPHEMOUS MOTH.—One day I noticed a Chickadee pecking vigorously at something beside the path. So anxious was it to obtain a meal that I approached almost within reach while it worked. It was engaged in tearing open a polyphemous cocoon. When it had pierced a hole in one side, it fed on a thick yellowish fluid. I have seen a great many cocoons pierced in this way, but did not know before that we were indebted to the Chickadee for doing this work.—*Cordelia J. Stanwood, Ellsworth, Me., Oct. 17, 1910.*

NOTES ON THE NEST OF THE BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE.—In reading about Chickadees I formed the opinion that they seldom excavated their own nests. Although the birds are so common I have found but six nests. Three of these the birds were excavating in gray birch stumps when I found them, one nest was being hollowed in a poplar stump, and two nests in poplar stumps were already occupied when I noticed them. One of these latter stumps attracted my attention early in the spring. A Chickadee began a nest in the upper part of the tree. A heavy wind broke the trunk into several lengths. I kept an eye on this desirable stump for some time, expecting a tenant every day. At last it was so late in the season I decided that there could be none this year. Not much after this, July 3rd, 1909, I found that a Chickadee had hollowed the stump and was incubating six eggs. Three of these nests were in excellent condition the following spring but no Chickadee occupied them. It seemed to me very wise. During the winter a red squirrel had used one of the nests, at least, for a storehouse. How foolish it would have been in a Chickadee to select that stump for her eggs? Later two gray squirrels lined the stump with hair and raised a family in it. I watched two Downy Woodpecker's nest with the same results. A Downy cleansed one nest of insects but a Tree Swallow occupied it long afterward, yet the neighbor-

hood was attractive to both the Chickadees and the Downy Woodpeckers. They came every day to the suet tree in front of the house—sometimes many times a day—until the suet was gone—toward the end of June. After the supply in the trees was exhausted I noted them on the ground picking from among the grass blades the crumbs of suet that had fallen. Once while watching a Hairy Woodpecker feed the young, I noted a red squirrel occupying a Woodpecker cavity within three yards of the Hairy Woodpecker's nest. Most of the time I made observations here, a little, red head was thrust well out of the entrance to the nest and two bright eyes kept careful watch of all that transpired. Thus far I have never known a Woodpecker or a Chickadee to use the same nest-cavity twice.—*Cordelia J. Stanwood, Ellsworth, Me., Oct. 17, 1910.*

NOTES ON THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.—The Pileated Woodpecker is a shy bird of the woods. Its hearing is very acute, and it usually flies silently away before an approaching person gets in sight of it. Oct. 19th, while at home and in the house, I heard the call of the Pileated Woodpecker. In front of the house is the field, and in the rear, the pasture with a number of large maples near the house. As I stepped to the back door, I saw a full sized Pileated Woodpecker going up the trunk of a large maple near the house. A little later it flew some distance to a clump of trees by the highway and sang. I heard it sing again the next day and again Nov. 1st. This species appears about the size of a large Hawk. It is brownish black, has a white stripe on each side of the neck, and has a very conspicuous bright scarlet crest. As this beautiful bird goes bobbing up a tree trunk, it is one of the never-to-be-forgotten sights in nature. The call is a slowly repeated *kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk*. Its song is clearer, sweeter and more musical than that of the Flicker, but to the untrained ear the songs of the two species are indistinguishable.—*D. W. Sweet, Avon, Me.*

NOTES ON WINTER BIRDS.—The Snow Buntings, Redpolls and Pine Grosbeaks appeared in October, the Redpolls being abundant and in large flocks. October 27th, I saw a flock of a hun-

dred or more, and Oct. 29th, a flock of two or three hundred.—*D. W. Sweet, Arvon, Me.*

THE ENGLISH SPARROW AT CRAWFORD HOUSE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Mr. Nathan C. Brown has reported to the JOURNAL the following interesting fact about the English Sparrow. Crawford House is situated in a small clearing in an extensive wood which is largely primitive. Its altitude is about two thousand feet. Previous to the year 1909, but a single straggler of this species had been observed there. In 1909 several were seen, and at least one pair raised a brood of young birds there.* It is interesting to note that none were present during the summer of 1910, as it shows a recent instance of this prolific and hardy species failing to establish itself after breeding successfully. On Sept. 1st, 1910, a number of these birds were reported there, plainly incursionists from outside.

BIRDS IN SHELBURNE, N. H.—I spent the month of August in the beautiful town of Shelburne, N. H., and, as always, took note of the birds. Following is the list of those that I found there: Aug. 1, Crow, Barn Swallow, Bluebird; Aug. 2, Robin, Red-eyed Vireo, Chipping Sparrow, American Goldfinch, Hermit Thrush; Aug. 3, Chimney Swift, Sharp-shinned Hawk, Spotted Sandpiper (last seen Aug. 27), Catbird, Kingfisher; Aug. 5, Blue-headed Vireo, Vesper Sparrow, Chickadee; Aug. 7, Redstart, Phœbe, Fish Hawk; Aug. 8, Night Hawk; Aug. 9, Great Blue Heron; Aug. 10, Junco, Red-tailed Hawk; Aug. 11, Kingbird, Song Sparrow, House Wren, Marsh Hawk; Aug. 18, Flicker; Aug. 21, Brown Thrasher, Olive-sided Flycatcher; Aug. 23, Brown Creeper; Aug. 24, Hairy Woodpecker, Black-throated Blue Warbler, Black-throated Green Warbler, Black and White Warbler, Rose-breasted Grosbeak; Aug. 25, Hummingbird, Myrtle Warbler, Blue Jay; Aug. 29, Partridge. The Red-headed and the Pileated Woodpecker are both found in Shelburne, but although I spent many hours in the woods I did not see them, but found many trees that gave evidence of their presence.—*Sara C. Eastman, Portland, Me., Sept. 5, 1910.*

*Cf. *Marble Auk*, XXVI, p. 437.

THE MEADOWLARK IN BANGOR.—Having tried for several years to locate the Meadowlark near Bangor, I have this year been rewarded for what trouble I have been to, and in such a way as to leave no room for doubt as to there being some of these beautiful and useful birds in this vicinity. On Sunday, July 10th, in company with Mr. Cyrus Winch, taxidermist at the University of Maine, who had previously told me where he thought Meadowlarks were nesting and had kindly consented to show me the place, we went to a field on the outskirts of the city through which Howard Street runs, and we were there but a very short time when we flushed four or five birds. One of them perched in a small tree about twenty-five feet from the ground, facing us, in such a good position for observation as to leave no room for doubt as to their identity as Meadowlarks, even by unaided vision. Nevertheless, we were careful to use the field glasses to make sure. I think some of the birds must have been young, although they appeared to be full fledged. Not long after this, about the middle of July, while in conversation with my friend, Mr. Leathers, who resides on Ohio Street, a short distance out of the city, he told me of seeing on his place and about the orchard what to him was a strange bird, and under circumstances that caused him to believe they were nesting near. From the description he gave me I mistrusted they were Meadowlarks. Later, on the 31st of July, after my office work was finished, I boarded an electric car, and, going out to his house, was again happily surprised on finding four more Meadowlarks, all full grown, and so near me that I did not need to use the glasses. On October 10th I again saw two on the Broadway road, about two miles out of the city. Mr. Winch has told me of other instances of seeing them this year. We were unable to procure a nest, but that there are some of these birds near Bangor there is no doubt whatever.—

A. L. Chase, Bangor, Me., Nov. 2, 1910.

Vol. XII
No. 2

25 cents a copy
\$1.00 a year

June, 1910

The Journal of the Maine Ornithological Society



Editor, LOUIS E. LEGGE, Portland Associate Editor, JED F. FANNING, Portland
Published by the Society at 97 1-2 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine

Entered as second class matter June 13, 1905, at the post office at Portland, Maine, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

JOURNAL

OF THE

Maine Ornithological Society.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MAINE ORNITHOLOGISTS.

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22 Dow St., Portland

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Price, \$1.00 per annum. Single Copies, 25 Cents.

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Vol. XII
No. 3

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Sept., 1910

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Dec., 1910

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Among the special features for 1911 (Vol. XIII) will be colored plates of our Sparrows, by Fuertes, with migration tables by Cooke and notes on their identification by Chapman; a series of illustrated papers on the "Birds of my Garden," by Mabel Osgood Wright; a new department for teachers and students, edited by Alice Hall Walter, and Teachers' Leaflets, with colored plates, by Sawyer.

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The demand for December, 1909, Bird-Lore has so exceeded our estimate that, in spite of the fact that we printed an unusually large edition, the supply is now exhausted. We will, however, send a copy of the Sparrow plate (the first of the series of the Sparrows of North America in color), which appeared in that number, to all subscribers to Bird-Lore for 1910 (Vol. XII), in order that their series of these plates may be complete.

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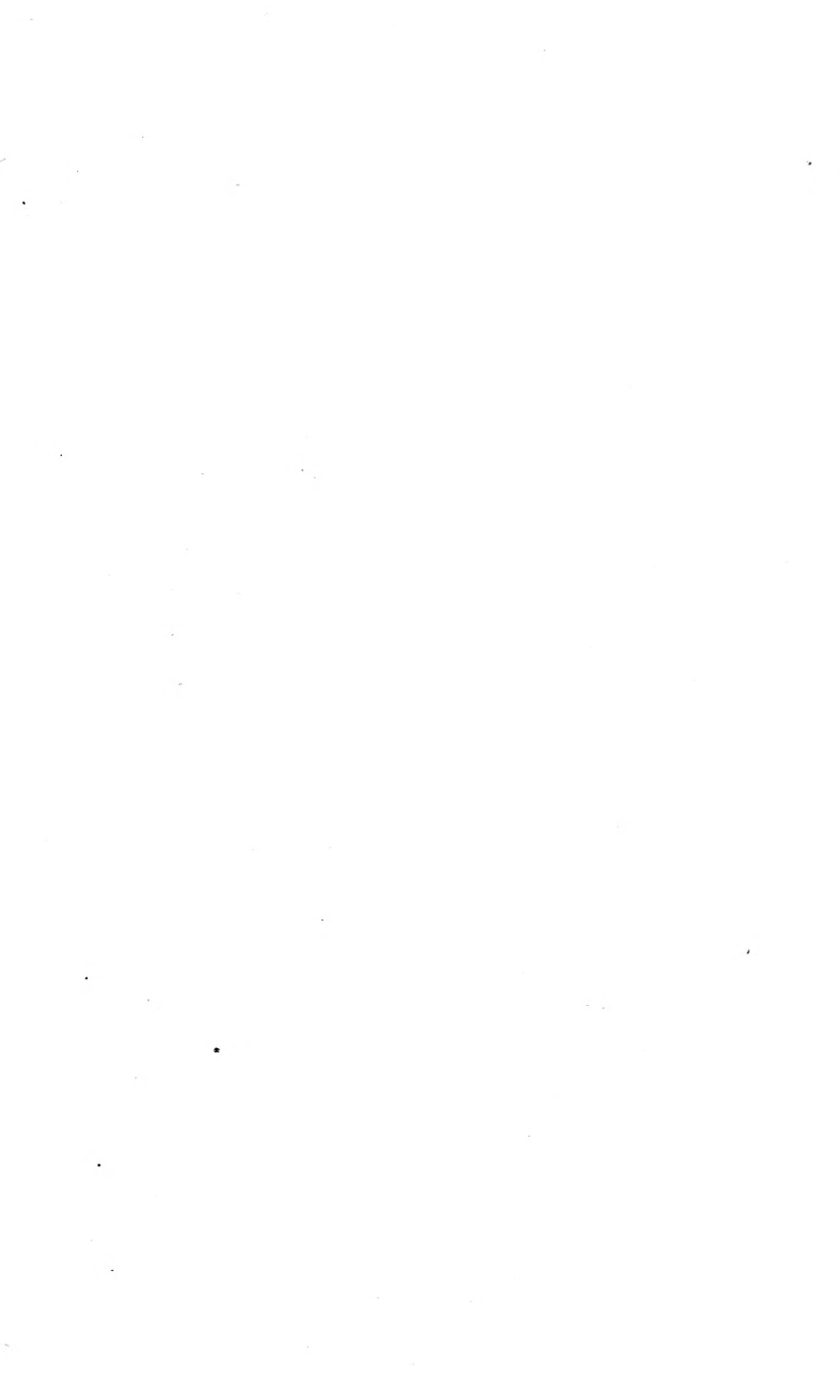
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